

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDONER NEWS

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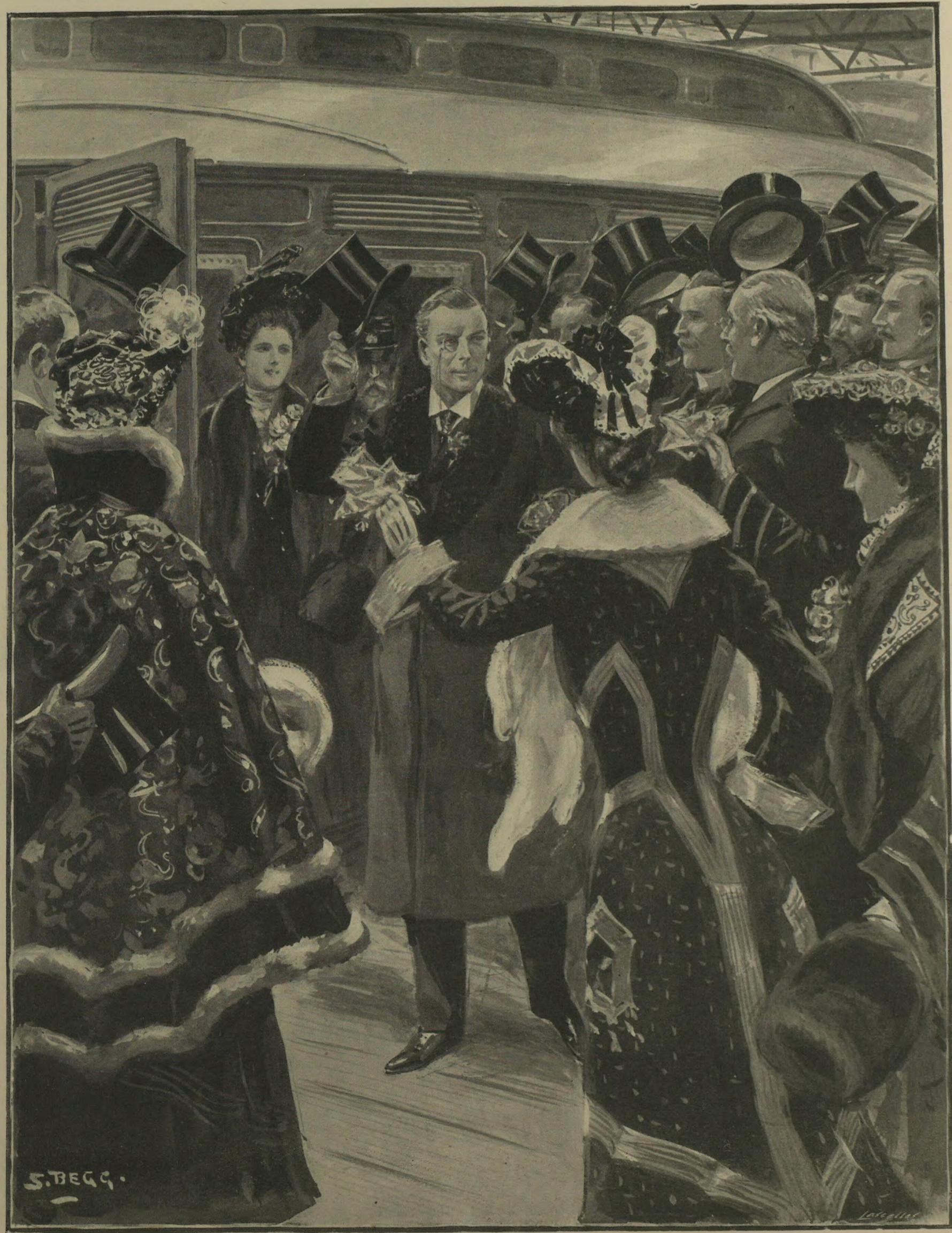
SIXPENCE.

Mrs. Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. Brodrick. Mr. Balfour.

Sir W. Walrond.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR: THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S DEPARTURE FROM VICTORIA STATION, NOVEMBER 25.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were heartily sped on their journey by Mr. Balfour, several Cabinet Ministers, and a distinguished company.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Mr. Chamberlain's mission to South Africa has received a striking tribute of national confidence. Even the timid souls who thought it was compromised by the voyage of a Cabinet Minister in a war-ship seem to be reassured. Perhaps they have discovered that even so pacific a statesman as Mr. Gladstone, when he was High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands, did not prefer a packet-boat to the British Navy. Mr. Chamberlain has been publicly blessed by Mr. Morley; and if Mr. Morley is not an apostle of peace, who can claim that distinction? Mistrust, indeed, is almost silenced; or, rather, it is shifted from South African affairs to the Indian frontier, where the hill tribes have made a stand against the obsolete muzzle-loading guns still deemed good enough by official sagacity for a British expedition. The Waziri mountaineers, I learn from a peaceful evening paper, have a perfect right to raid our territory for the love of loot; but any reprisal on our part is inhuman and un-Christian. Whether the smiter be a Waziri or a Kruger, he ought always to find us willing to turn the other cheek. This, I gather, is the policy of "international love." Another of its engaging aspects is presented by a learned Professor, who says that Canada ought to withdraw from the Empire, and become an independent State. The position of a Colony, says the Professor, is humiliating. This, no doubt, is why he yearns to see South Africa free and Dutch.

This is not Mr. Chamberlain's ideal. After a war for mastery in South Africa, he seeks to create racial equality under the British flag. It is no part of such an ideal that Cape rebels should be compensated out of the Imperial Treasury and Cape loyalists thrust to the wall. The Boers who fought and lost have filled the world with pictures of the desolation of defeat. They have neglected to show that it would have been far worse if the British Government had not housed and fed their women and children in the concentration camps at a cost of three millions. We did not house and feed the families of our own refugees, who starved in silence. The Imperial Treasury has now assigned a sum for their relief far short of the grants made to the Boers, who complain that their losses are not made good to the uttermost farthing, although their land is exempt from taxation and has increased in value. It is apparently a fixed idea in the Boer mind that, whereas victory would have made the Dutch masters of South Africa, defeat ought to leave them rather better off than they were before the war. For such a spirit the idea of racial equality has no compelling charm. Mr. Chamberlain has therefore a formidable task, though the difficulties may be less serious in the two new colonies than in Cape Colony, where Dutch sentiment acclaims the minister of religion who apologises for having disconcerted rebellion, and boycotts the Dutch minister who took up arms against the Boer invasion.

I wonder whether our present turmoil about national education has revived the suspicion that there is a scheme in some wild brains for placing all children under the care of the State. It was bad enough when the State established compulsory education, thus challenging the parent's immemorial right to keep his child illiterate if he pleased. Perhaps you think that the State carried its point, and that for thirty years the system of compulsory attendance at school has worked in fact as well as in letter. Dr. Macnamara, who knows our elementary schools, affirms in Mr. Henry Norman's new review, the *World's Work*, that there are a million absentees. The law is not enforced because its administrators are unwilling, indifferent, or afraid. There is so little faith in education that the parents of a million children are allowed to snap their fingers at compulsion. There is so little faith in education that very few children remain at school after twelve years of age, although our chief rivals in the international competition of brains keep their boys at school to the age of sixteen, and even then make night schools imperative.

The Education Bill is emerging from that dreary waste of controversy to which I should be sorry to contribute a single sentence. The Bill will soon be law, and its machinery, however imperfect, will give a new impulse to education if it be administered on the principle of equipping a boy for the realities of life, and not of making teaching a bore from which he is glad to escape at the earliest possible age. The local educational authorities can do much if they set about it in the right spirit. But it is not the right spirit to treat the realities of life as quite separate from schooling, as a sphere for which school is merely an irksome and perfunctory preparation. It is an ancient English notion that a boy's real training does not begin until he is out in the world, and then he can pick it up as he goes along. Schooling is a nuisance which costs money, to say nothing of the terrible danger of giving the children of the poor ideas above their stations; therefore it is expedient to snatch a child, especially a poor child, from school before he has more than a

smattering of any knowledge, and launch him on the world to help the industries of his country. That process has hitherto been good enough for most educational reformers, who imagine that it has made England great, and will keep her at the head of the nations. The nations, or some of them, regard education as a responsibility very different from this scattering of wits by rule of thumb. They are training their youth with a thoroughness which is already telling in the great competition. If we do not heed this lesson, but persist in the delusion that schooling should be brief and superficial, then the most perfect educational machinery will be useless. This is the root of the matter; but you may search the acres of debate in Parliament and never find it.

Professor Sully has written a learned essay on laughter, and we are all asking why we laugh, and some people are explaining why they have left off laughing. Lord Chesterfield warned his son against laughter because it distorted the features. Judging from his portraits, he might have disregarded his own injunction without wrecking the laws of beauty. If you have the temperament for laughter, you will not be able to resist it, and some fortunate persons possess features to match the temperament, so that when they laugh they are most winning to hear, and also to look upon. Women, I read, discourage mirth; it is not "good form"; it disturbs the repose which marks the caste of Vere de Vere. But even a Vere de Vere may have features not so classic that they can afford only the faintest smile. If she have a sparkling eye, dimples, a mouth that betrays remarkably white and even teeth; if, above all, her voice be attuned to gaiety of heart, then all the ancestral frowns of family portraits will not keep her staid. With a joyous nature, a sense of humour, a spice of mischief, and a voice that turns laughter to melody, a woman makes music wherever she goes, like the lady in the nursery rhyme, who made music with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, an orchestral arrangement which must have been occasionally tiresome.

But one writer, who expounds his views in a journal of notorious solemnity, has a severe eye upon women. He warns them against the "titter" and the "giggle." He is distressed to think that two hundred years ago it was the custom to laugh aloud. Your really thoughtful man should content himself with "a deep-found chuckle." Two centuries ago, you perceive, there were no really thoughtful men. Nowadays we think so deeply that when a man of intelligence is tempted to laugh he checks himself and reflects: "Is this wise? Is it prudent? Will it compromise my reputation for sagacious utterance?" His features retain their purely intellectual radiance, and he pursues the inquiry: "If I had laughed, what would have been the psychological impulse? It was a good story, and the other men laughed; but they are not scientific reasoners. Did they laugh because the anecdote took an unexpected curve, or because they felt themselves superior to the person upon whose alleged embarrassment it appeared to turn?" This is profound; but it does not exhaust the resources of the human comedy. There is a vast amount of innocent drollery lurking in the social atmosphere; it is made up of harmless ironies, all the more delightful because they are not visible to everybody. Happy is the constitution that can appreciate them, even to the point of laughter holding both his sides. Professor Sully welcomes that as an important agent of hygiene.

An advertisement in the *Athenaeum* last week suggests that a large section of the public laughs so much as to need a particular kind of reading to correct the habit. The advertisement, which is couched in almost imploring terms, asks you and me to contribute tales of love and mystery, with plenty of exciting incident, and "brimful of pathos." There is evidently no limit to the demand, and the tone of the appeal shows that we are face to face with one of the most urgent needs of the time. There is, in short, a lack of pathos in our serial fiction. I should have thought that love and mystery were plentiful; and, as for exciting incident, I seldom read a romance without wondering at the writer's capacity for dealing death in new and original shapes. In one enthralling tale, which is concerned with pirates, the author is not content to burn some of them alive. He describes a gang of desperate men on a rock, from which they are picked off by the tentacles of a gigantic octopus. I wonder whether it has ever occurred to him to compile a table of mortality from his fascinating books.

But it is clear that all this gore does not suffice to keep the public from undue mirth, and even from the giggle and the titter. The advertisers go down on their knees and beg for pathos. Have you eighty thousand pathetic words in manuscript? Send them at once to that address in the *Athenaeum*. So many people, it seems, find food for mirth in their daily affairs, in the newspapers, in the street, that only a literature which is "brimful of pathos" can restore to their minds the proper equilibrium of levity and gravity. I wish this enterprise success, and deplore the infirmity of temperament which prevents me from subscribing even one pathetic word to the collection.

PARLIAMENT.

The debate on the Brussels Sugar Convention enabled the Opposition to challenge the policy of the Government in committing the country to the penal clause which provides for countervailing duties on bounty-fed sugar. The signatory Powers bind themselves to prohibit the import of such sugar, or to levy duties by way of retaliation. Mr. Gerald Balfour argued that bounties were bad; that they had been condemned by Mr. Gladstone even when they made commodities cheap to the consumer; that the sugar bounties had almost ruined the sugar industry of the West Indies; that countervailing duties in such a case did not involve Protection; that in all probability they would not be needed; and that, in any case, the rise in the price of sugar would be comparatively slight. Sir William Harcourt traversed all these propositions, and predicted that the country would have to pay seven or eight millions for the problematical relief of the West Indies. Countervailing duties he denounced as a direct violation of Free Trade, and quoted Mr. Chamberlain's opinion of twenty years ago to the same effect. Mr. Chamberlain admitted that such was his opinion then, but urged that the circumstances had entirely changed. It was impossible to get rid of bounties, which were quite inconsistent with Free Trade, except in the way proposed by the Convention. He ridiculed Sir William Harcourt's calculations, and declared that the policy of the Government was conceived in the equitable interests both of the United Kingdom and the Colonies. Several Unionist members opposed the Government, but Mr. Gerald Balfour's resolution was carried by a majority of eighty-seven.

New clauses for the Education Bill were extensively discussed. Lord Hugh Cecil made the drastic proposal that parents should be empowered to withdraw their children from any elementary schools during the hours of religious instruction, so as to have them instructed elsewhere. Mr. Balfour said he agreed with this proposal in principle, but would not vote either for or against it, as it raised a vast controversial issue at the end of the debates on the Bill. This attitude excited lively protests from the Opposition. Sir William Harcourt discussed certain anomalies. He stated that while a clause dealing with a vital consideration had been brought forward which the Minister in charge of the Bill had described as impracticable, that Minister nevertheless shrank from voting against it. This was practically to deny the House his guidance. Such conduct, Sir William said, he could not remember in all his Parliamentary experience. The new clause was eventually rejected by a majority of 186.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CARROTS," AT THE LYRIC.

To strengthen a programme which for ten months has needed no other attraction than Mrs. Ryley's pleasant little comedy, "Mice and Men," Mr. Forbes Robertson has put up by way of a first piece that pretty one-act play of Jules Renard's known as "Carrots." It is a story, this telling of the sufferings that a farm-bred boy endures from the tyranny of an unkind mother—it is a story showing how the lad and his taciturn father have a "straight talk" characterised by the quaintest reasonableness, and come to an understanding for the routing of the domestic despot. Even if this dramatic trifle (so well translated by Mr. Sutro) were indifferently acted, it would be welcome for the agreeable freshness of its sentiment; but its two leading parts are interpreted by Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott; the latter delightfully natural as the old-fashioned child-hero, the former responsible in the strange rôle of the gruff farmer for a superb bit of character-acting. Thus reinforced, the bill of the Lyric Theatre should be sure of popularity a few weeks longer till Mr. Robertson has got ready his revival of "Othello."

MR. MELTON PRIOR ON MR. KRUGER'S MEMOIRS.

Mr. Percy A. E. Wood, late Lieutenant in the York and Lancaster Regiment, has written to the *Times* regarding the statement in Mr. Kruger's Memoirs to the effect that at the meeting held to arrange terms of an armistice after Majuba, Sir Evelyn Wood signed the agreement only when the then President shouted, "Burghers, saddle!" Mr. Percy A. E. Wood, who was then a Corporal in the 15th Hussars, gives the story an unqualified denial, stating that he stood a few paces from the Conference tent all the time, and, therefore, would have heard any such expressions as Mr. Kruger says he used. He further mentions that Mr. Melton Prior could corroborate these statements, but in his letter regrets that such corroboration cannot be immediately forthcoming, as he then believed that Mr. Melton Prior had sailed for India to represent *The Illustrated London News* at the Durbar. Mr. Melton Prior, however, had not sailed when the letter was published, and just before he left this office on his way to join the *China* at Marseilles, our veteran Artist-Correspondent informed us that he felt bound to corroborate Mr. Percy A. E. Wood's statement entirely, for he himself never left the tent during the Conference.

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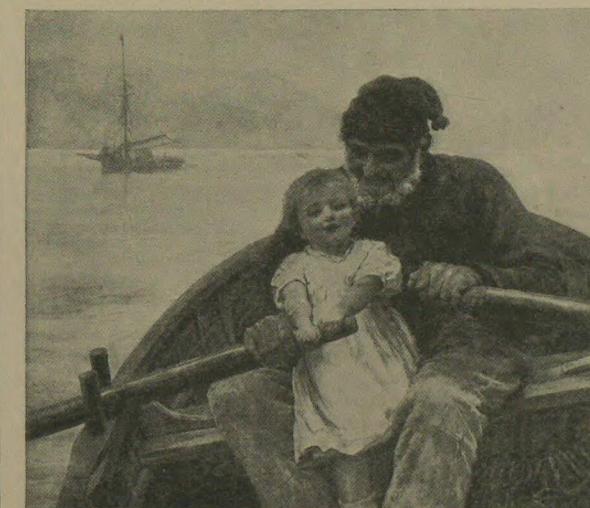
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PERSONAL.

Sir William Muir, whose resignation of the Principal-ship of Edinburgh University is much regretted, is, in spite of his eighty-three years, still more active than many of his juniors. Born in 1819, he was educated at Kilmarnock Academy, Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, and Haileybury College. In 1837 he entered the Bengal Civil Service, became Secretary to the Government of the North-West Provinces; member of the Revenue Board; Secretary to the Government

of India; member of the Governor-General's Council in 1867; Lieutenant-Governor of North-West Provinces in 1868; Financial Minister for India in 1874; and member of Council for India in 1876. He was chosen Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Edinburgh University in 1885. During the Indian Mutiny he was in charge of the Intelligence Department at Agra. Sir William's publications include a "Life of Mahomet" and "The Coran: Its Composition and Teaching, and the Testimony it Bears to the Holy Scriptures." He is an LL.D., a D.C.L., and a Ph.D. (Bologna).

The Duke of Marlborough having resigned the position, the King has appointed Sir Savile Brinton Crossley, Bart., to be Paymaster-General.

Sir Savile, who is the second Baronet, was born on June 14, 1857, and received his education at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford. From 1885 till 1892 he was M.P. for North Suffolk, and since 1900 has sat as a Liberal Unionist for Halifax. Captain and Honorary Major of the Prince of Wales's Own Norfolk Artillery, he served in South Africa during 1900 and 1901 as

Captain in the Sharpshooters Corps of the Imperial Yeomanry, received the medal and four clasps, was mentioned in despatches, and promoted Lieutenant-Colonel. Sir Savile married Phyllis, daughter of Sir Henry de Bathe, Bart., in 1887. He obtained his Blue at Oxford in 1880 for the hundred yards.

The Speaker, who attended the dinner in honour of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," proposed the toast of his Majesty's Ministers and the Opposition. Mr. Balfour said the Speaker was the only man who could have proposed such a toast with absolute impartiality.

Herr Friedrich Alfred Krupp, perhaps the best-known German industrialist, who died in his residence near

Essen on Nov. 22, was born in 1854, the only son of Alfred Krupp, whose father laid the foundation of the great industrial enterprise which has since made his name famous all over the world. When he was thirty-four years of age, the death of his father placed him at the head of the firm, which, under his control, attained its greatest reputation for the manufacture of steel armoured plate, and now counts some forty-six thousand men

its employés. It was he, too, who extended the iron smelting works along the banks of the Rhine, and added to the assets of his firm three large coal-mines, a number of iron-mines in Spain, a shipping establishment at Rotterdam, and the Germania Dockyards at Kiel, the latter purchased in order to cope with the demands entailed by Germany's naval programme. The Kaiser wished to ennoble Herr Krupp, but the honour was declined.

The British sailor is fast disappearing from our mercantile marine. In the last ten years the number of British sailors has declined by seven thousand; the

number of foreign sailors in our ships has increased by eight thousand, and of Lascars by twelve thousand. There is no reserve of British seamen, and no effort to make one by a system of apprenticeship.

Mr. Redmond has stated that he expects the Land Purchase Bill next session to be a measure of the highest importance. It must offer a final settlement of the Irish land question, or the Nationalists will oppose it line by line.

Canon MacColl, who enjoyed Mr. Gladstone's confidence, has written a pamphlet in which he maintains that the Education Bill is in accordance with Mr. Gladstone's views, and also the corn tax. With a good deal of what is called Liberalism now Canon MacColl cannot agree; and he sorrowfully severs himself from the party and retires into solitude.

Mr. J. C. Wason has been re-elected for the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Mr. Wason, who was formerly a Unionist, resigned his seat and appealed to the constituency as an independent Liberal. He had a majority of 411 over Mr. McKinnon Wood, the official Liberal candidate.

The Rev. Moore Richard Neligan, who has been nominated by the synod of the diocese of Auckland

to the see rendered vacant by the death of Dr. Dowie, is the son of the Rev. Maurice Neligan, the well-known Irish Evangelical clergyman, and is about forty years of age. Educated at Reading School and at Trinity College, Dublin, Mr. Neligan was ordained deacon in 1886 and priest in 1887, his first curacy being that of St. Paul's, Sculcoates, Hull. He was for a while curate of Dereham, and in 1890 became

curate of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. Four years later he was appointed to the Vicarage of St. Stephen, Westbourne Park, where his work has met with considerable and well-deserved success.

Mr. John Morley, in a speech at the National Liberal Club, dissociated himself from the contention of the Opposition that the Government had no mandate for the Education Bill. Mr. Gladstone, said Mr. Morley, had no mandate in 1886 for Home Rule. Once a statesman was returned to power by the electorate, he had a constitutional right to introduce any measure he thought necessary.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Lionel Gallwey, C.M.G., D.S.O., Senior Divisional Commissioner in Southern Nigeria, succeeds the late Mr. R. A. Sterndale as Governor of St. Helena. Colonel Gallwey was born on Sept. 25, 1859, and, after a course of study at Cheltenham and at Sandhurst, joined the 30th Regiment in 1878. From 1882 till 1889, he acted as A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief and Governor of Bermuda; in 1891 became Deputy Commissioner and Vice-Consul of the Oil Rivers Protectorate; in 1892 concluded a

treaty with the King of Benin; and was in command of a Haussa force, under Sir Frederick Bedford, at the capture of Nimbo, and during the further operations against the Brass chiefs in 1895.

Sir William Richmond has denounced the design for the new Vauxhall Bridge as fit only for the derision of foreigners. He asks why the County Council does not refer questions of art to a committee of experts. Perhaps it is a weakness of our municipal bodies that they can judge art as well as drainage.

Mr. John Hare has intimated that he intends to retire shortly from the stage. He cannot feel the burden of years, for he is only fifty-eight, and on the stage appears considerably less. Sir Henry Irving is sixty-four, and Sir Charles Wyndham fifty-nine, but neither of them is the worse for time.

Books about the war multiply apace. We are now promised the diary of Mrs. Delarey; and there are likely to be volumes dealing with the prison life of the Boers at St. Helena and elsewhere. Some facetious person says we know now who instigated the war. It was not Mr. Kruger; it was not Mr. Chamberlain; it was the publishers!

The fund for the relief of loyalist refugees in South Africa is mounting rapidly, subscriptions coming in at the rate of a thousand pounds a day. There is a slight rift between General Viljoen and General Botha, the former having addressed an appeal to this country for

funds on behalf of the Boer families, and the latter regarding this as an interference with the "appeal to the civilised world."

Ex-Commissioner Kerr, who died on Nov. 21, was for forty-two years Judge of the City of London Court, where his unconventional methods gained him alternately the astonishment and admiration of those who listened to him. Born on June 5, 1821, the son of a Scotch solicitor, Robert Malcolm Kerr was educated in Glasgow, eventually entering the University there, and taking the degree of Doctor of Laws. He went to the Scotch Bar, and in January 1848 was called to the English Bar as a student at Lincoln's Inn. Acting as deputy for various County Court Judges, he gained the experience which served him so well after his appointment as Judge of the City of London Court in succession to Mr. Prendergast, Q.C. Mr. Kerr was appointed Commissioner of the Central Criminal Court in 1860, retiring in 1891, and only judging criminal cases at the Old Bailey during the unavoidable absence of the Recorder or Common Serjeant. From his position in the City of London Court he retired only in September of last year. He twice endeavoured to secure election to Parliament, but without success.

Colonel Valens Congreve Tonnochy, who was mortally wounded during the recent capture of the Waziri fort at Gummadi, had just completed his forty-eighth year. He entered the 6th Foot in August 1873, was transferred to the Bengal Staff Corps three years later, and first saw active service in the Mahsud Waziri Expedition of 1881, when he was mentioned in despatches. Then followed the Burmese Expedition from 1886 until 1889, the Isazai Expedition of 1892, and the Chitral operations of 1895,

when, serving with the 4th Sikh Infantry, he was with the relief force under Sir Robert Low, and was severely wounded at the storming of the Malakand Pass. In 1897-98 he commanded the 3rd Sikh Infantry during Sir William Lockhart's operations on the North-West Frontier.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman held a consultation at his house with Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Sir Henry Fowler, in regard to the Sugar Convention. This is the first conference of the Liberal leaders since the schism in the party about South Africa.

Sir John Woodburn, K.C.S.I., who died on Nov. 20, had held the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, after the Vice-royalty the most difficult and onerous office in India, since 1898. Sir John was educated at Ayr Academy, and at Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities. His appointment as a member of the Indian Civil Service dates from 1862, and the greater part of his administrative career was spent in the United Provinces of Allahabad and Oudh, where, in 1882, he became Secretary to Government, and

six years later Chief Secretary. Appointed an additional member of the Viceroy's Council in 1891, he was given his first independent charge, the Chief Commissionership of the Central Provinces, in 1893. This he vacated after two years in order to become Home Member of Lord Elgin's Executive Council. As Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Sir John was extremely popular, and had, moreover, the uncommon faculty of getting the very best work from his subordinates. He did notable service, too, in rendering Calcutta comparatively free from plague.

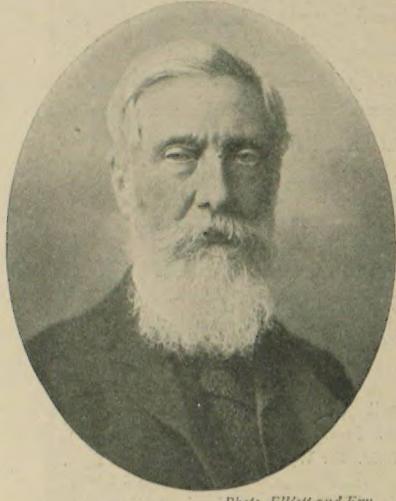


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR WILLIAM MUIR,
Ex-Principal, Edinburgh University.

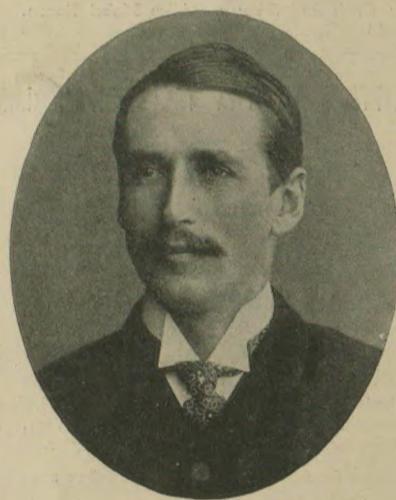


Photo. Russell.
SIR SAVILE B. CROSSLEY, BART.,
New Paymaster-General.



Photo. Russell.
THE REV. M. R. NELIGAN,
New Bishop of Auckland.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LIEUT.-COLONEL H. L. GALLWEY, C.M.G.,
New Governor of St. Helena.

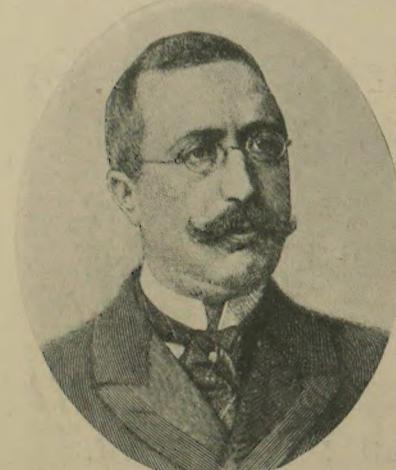


Photo. Bolak's Electrotype Agency.
THE LATE HERR F. A. KRUPP,
The Great Cannon-Founder.

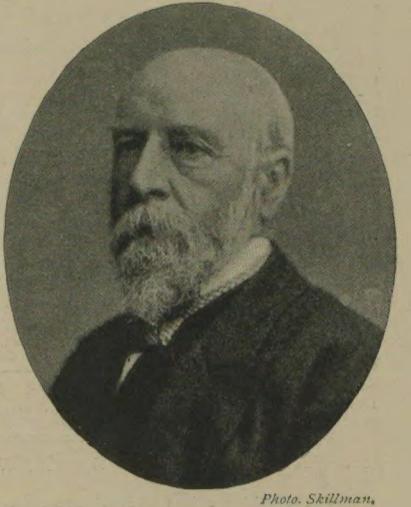


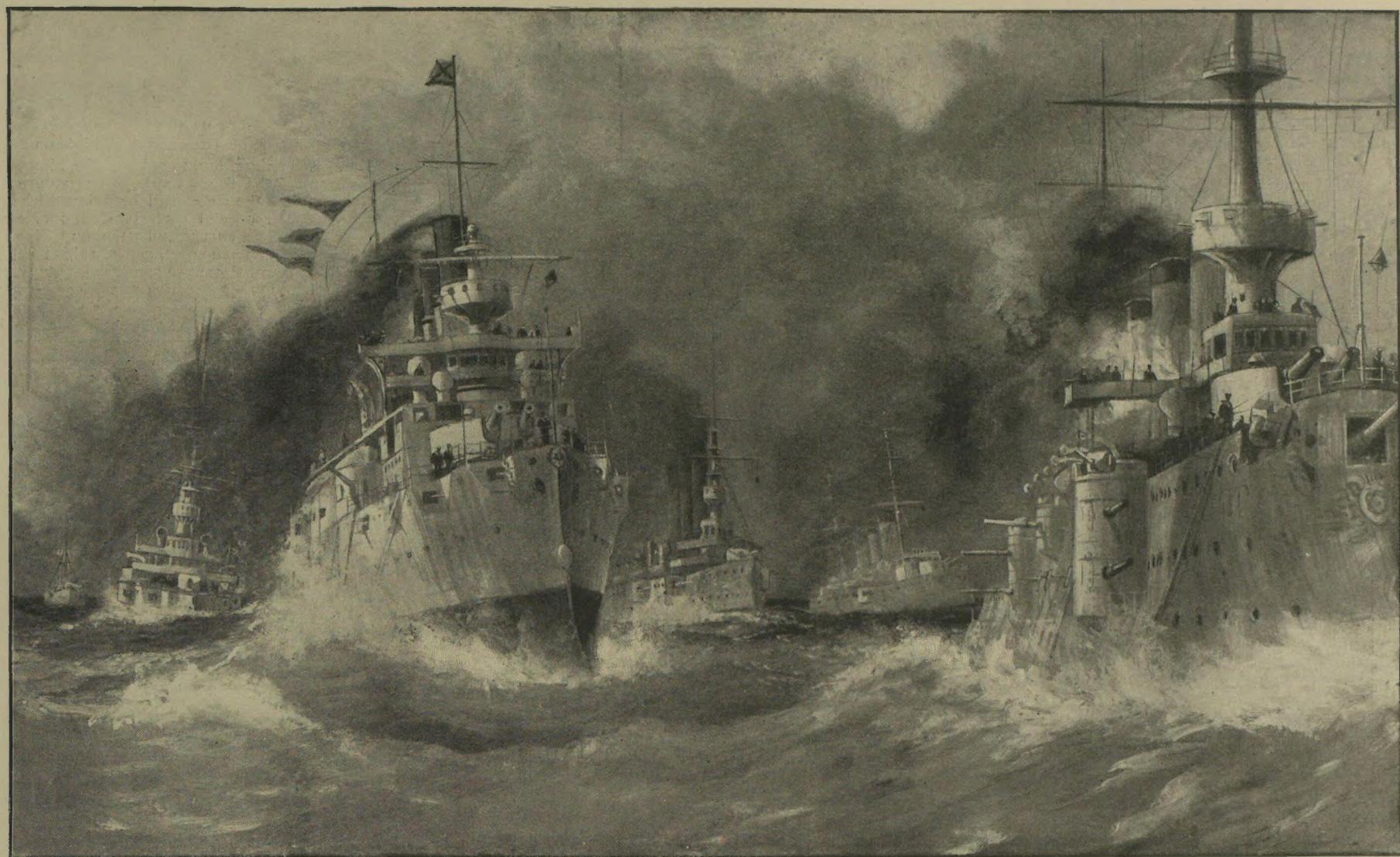
Photo. Skillman.
THE LATE EX-COMMISSIONER KERR,
Formerly Judge of the City of London Court.



Photo. J. Ewing.
THE LATE COLONEL V. C. TONNOCHY, C.B.,
Killed in Waziristan.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR JOHN WOODBURN,
Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.



Boyarin. Aurora.

Retvizan (Flag-ship).

Pallada.

Bogatyr

Pobieda.

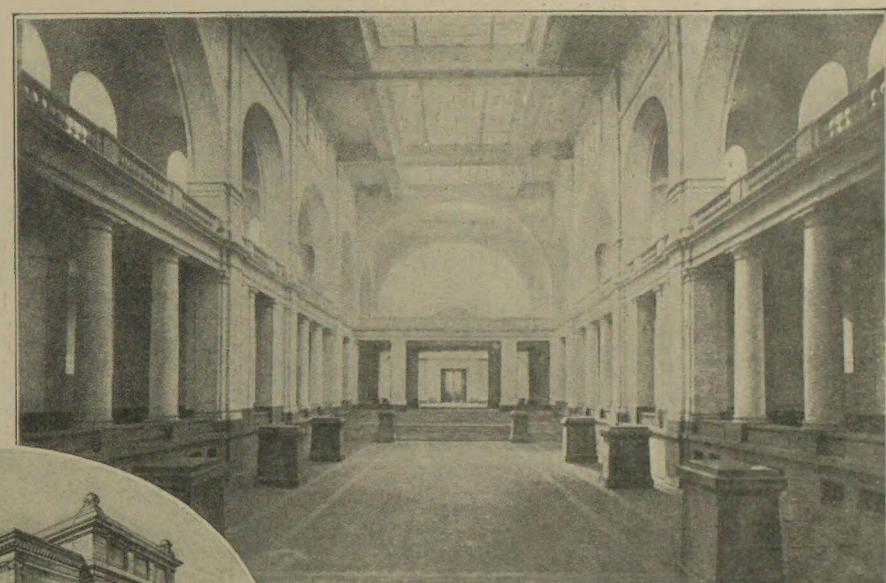
OUR RUSSIAN NAVAL VISITORS: THE FLEET BOUND FOR BRITISH WATERS.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL NAVAL ARTIST.

The "Boyarin," "Pallada," and "Bogatyr" are cruisers. The "Retvizan" and "Pobieda" are battle-ships.



AN ATRIUM OPENING INTO THE GALLERY OF HONOUR.



THE GREAT CENTRAL GALLERY.



THE LEFT WING OF THE GALLERY OF HONOUR.



THE PRINCIPAL FAÇADE
OF THE MUSEUM.



THE INTERIOR OF AN ATRIUM, AND SUITE OF ATRIUMS.

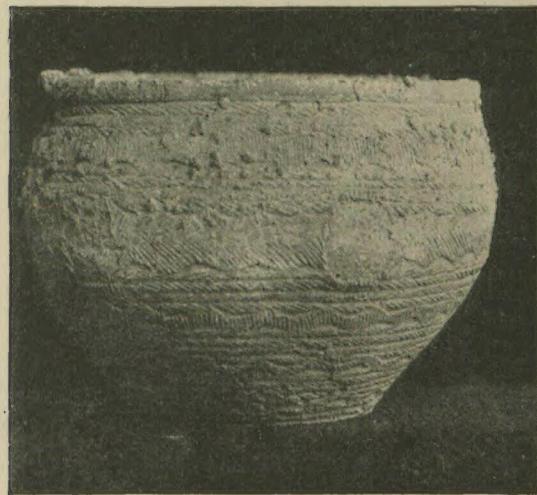
THE NEW MUSEUM OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES AT CAIRO, OPENED NOVEMBER 14.

The Museum was opened by the Khedive in the presence of Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener, the Ministers and the Sirdar, and about a hundred officials and notables.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S DEPARTURE.

Mr Chamberlain, accompanied by Mrs. Chamberlain, left Victoria Station on the morning of Nov. 25 to begin his South African tour. Before the hour fixed for the departure of the train, half-past eleven o'clock, an influential company, including the Prime Minister, several Cabinet Ministers, and many members of Parliament, had assembled on the platform, and when the Colonial Secretary appeared he was greeted with extraordinary heartiness. The King had placed at the travellers' disposal a splendid royal saloon, on board which they stepped amid a general chorus of "Bon voyage!" and "Godspeed!" The last to shake Mr. Chamberlain by the hand was his tried friend, Mr. Jesse Collings, and sharp upon the appointed hour the train drew out of the station to the sound of cheers, which lasted until it had disappeared. The train stopped at Portsmouth Town Station, where the local Unionist Association presented an address congratulating the Colonial Secretary upon the wise motive which had led him to undertake the voyage to see for himself how matters stand in South Africa. The address concluded by wishing Mr. Chamberlain Godspeed on his voyage, and



AN ANCIENT SEPULCHRAL URN DISCOVERED
AT CASTLEHACKETT, NEAR TUAM.

The urn was found in a vault within a cairn, which is believed to be the burial-place of some ancient Irish chieftain or chieftainess. About 300 B.C. a great battle was fought near Castlehackett between the Tuacha da Danaus and the Ferbolgs.

a successful issue to his mission. Mr. Chamberlain, in reply, thanked the association for its good wishes. He regarded the occasion as in no sense political, but entirely as a mark of personal regard. He had, he continued, been very much encouraged by the kindness of his countrymen, and had been cheered by their hopeful anticipations of the result of his mission. He would find it difficult to fulfil all their expectations, but they might trust him to do his utmost. The train then went on to the south railway-jetty, alongside which the *Good Hope* was moored. Admiral Sir Charles Hotham, commanding at Portsmouth, received the Colonial Secretary, and after the officers of the ship had been introduced, the party went on board and inspected the guests' quarters. At luncheon Mr. Chamberlain's suite and several prominent Naval officials were present. The weather, which had been dull, cleared, as if in happy omen of success, just as Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain arrived at the Dockyard, and when, at a few minutes past three, the *Good Hope* cast off, the sun was shining brightly. As the vessel left her moorings, the band of the old *Victory* played patriotic airs, and the crews of the vessels lying at anchor cheered. Thus heartily was the Colonial Secretary sped upon his historic errand to Britain beyond the seas.

THE FUNERAL OF
PRINCE EDWARD
OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar was buried on Nov. 19 with full military honours. The procession started at an early hour from Portland Place, and was accompanied by a large military escort and many prominent soldiers, including Lord Roberts, Sir Henry Norman, General Sir T. Kelly-Kenny, General Sir H. Trotter, General Sir Ian Hamilton, and others. The 1st Battalion of the Irish Guards and the

Royal Horse Guards, with their bands, and a battery of Royal Field Artillery supplied the escort. The Horse Guards led the way, and the Irish Guards followed with arms reversed, walking in slow time to the music of Chopin's "Funeral March." The regimental colours were carried draped with crape. The Horse Guards' band followed, and at a very short interval came the coffin on a gun-carriage.

The cortège proceeded to Victoria Station, where the company entrained for Chichester. In the funeral train were the Prince of Wales, Prince William of Saxe-Weimar, Count Schlumberg, representing the German Emperor, and other distinguished mourners. On arrival at Chichester, the procession was re-formed and proceeded to the Cathedral. Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis bore the medals of the late Prince, and General Sir Martin Dillon bore his baton. At the door of the Minster the body was received by the clergy and choir, and was borne up the nave. The Dean at once began the funeral service, at the close of which the procession moved to the Lady Chapel, where, in the family vault of the Dukes of Richmond and Gordon, the remains of Prince Edward were laid to rest. The closing scene was particularly impressive.

THE WAZIRI EXPEDITION.

The latest little war on the North-West Frontier of India has cost us the lives of two British officers, one native officer, and one native non-commissioned officer. On Nov. 17, four columns were converging upon Spinwan, a village in the heart of the Waziri country. While this operation was in progress the Gumatti column, under Colonel Tonnochy, fell in with a band of outlaws who had established themselves in a strong mountain watchtower. These towers, which are built of solid granite filled in with rubble, cannot be reduced by mountain artillery, and have to be blown up with dynamite. At five in the evening the tower in question was stormed, and all the defenders were killed. Colonel Tonnochy and Captain G. E. White, of the 3rd Sikhs, both fell while leading the attack with great gallantry. Captain White was killed on the spot, and Colonel Tonnochy very soon died of his wounds.

THE NEW SILO GRANARY.

The granary is now in full working order. The grain is brought by barge from the ship, and the tall "leg" dips into it. Within this "leg" is an endless series of "buckets" revolving upon a band which lifts the grain at the rate of 100 tons an hour. It is then passed upon a moving broad rubber band into the elevator-house, through a shoot and into an automatic weighing-machine, which discharges each ton into a well. From this well the grain is again lifted by endless buckets within a shaft to the top of the Silo house, whence it is passed upon a wide rubber band into the various bins, of which there are fifty-six. From these bins it is discharged by shoots for water delivery as required. The present accommodation

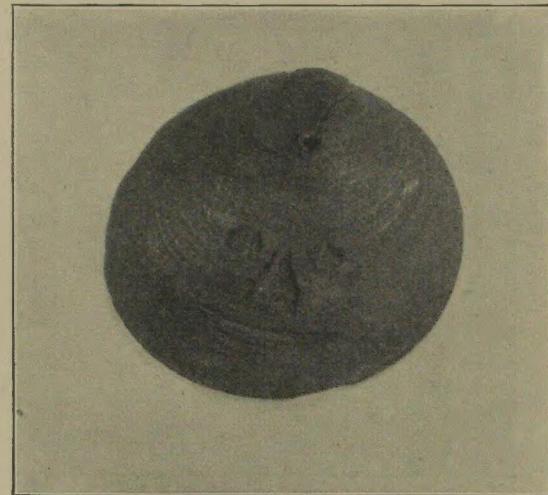
in the Silo house is forty bins for 500 quarters each, and sixteen bins for 250 quarters each, but the capacity can be increased to accommodate 80,000 quarters.

THE NEW YORK BRIDGE FIRE.

The great East River suspension bridge, now in course of construction between New York and Brooklyn, was severely damaged by fire on the night of Nov. 11. The fire began on the top of a tower 355 ft. high on the New York side of the river, and in spite of the almost super-human efforts of the fire brigade, the structure was so badly wrecked that the works will be delayed for at least four months. Our special correspondent in New York writes: "I have seen over forty battles on various occasions, but none of them so spectacular as this fight on the bridge. On the river below were some fire-engines sending up impotent spurts of water which floated off in a vague wraith of spray. As if to heighten the theatrical effect of the scene, one of the steamers kept playing an electric searchlight, which brought out the details of the bridge with limelight accuracy. The noise was tremendous, and a constant shower of dropping red-hot bolts fell into the water below, while the falling timbers hissed fiercely as they fell. It was wonderful to see how the firemen dragged the long lines of hose from either side of the water to the towers, but the elevation baffled them, and



A COMMEMORATIVE ARGENTINE STAMP.
This stamp, which was issued on October 26, commemorates the inauguration of new harbour works at Rosario.
Supplied by Ewen's Stamp Market, Limited.



A SUPPOSED PREHISTORIC SCULPTURE
ON A FOSSIL SHELL.

This curious fossil, found in the Tertiary rock of the Red Crag, Walton-on-the-Naze, has been described by Mr. H. Stöpes, a Fellow of the Anthropological Institute. The hole at the top seems to indicate that the shell was probably threaded on a string and worn as an ornament.

they could only prevent the fire from spreading and leave the bridge to its fate. Despite the terrific heat, the four main cables still remain."

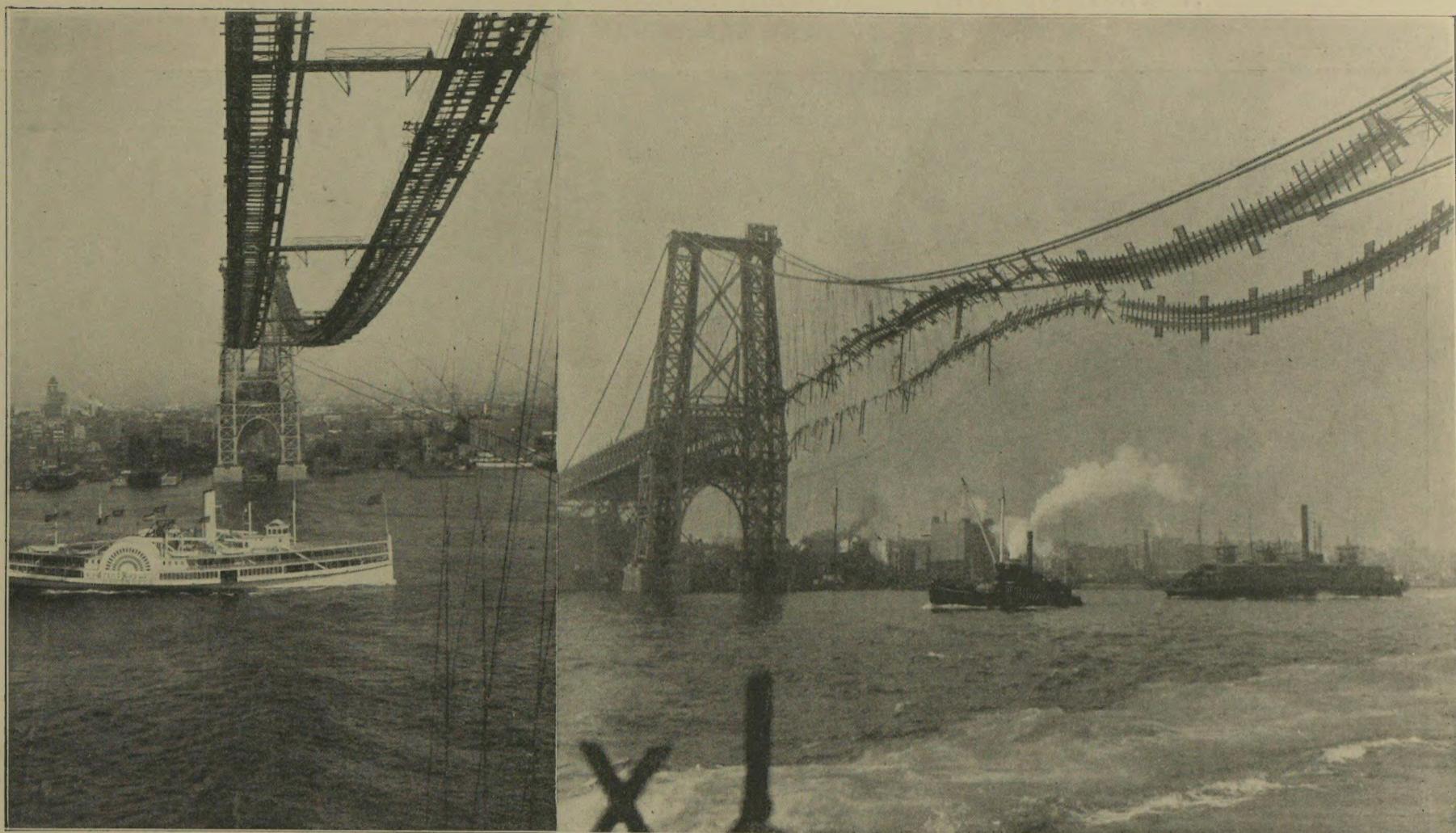
THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN BRITISH WATERS.

The principal vessel is the *Retvizan*, a first-class battleship of 12,700 tons, launched in America in 1900. She carries four 12-in., twelve 6-in., and twenty 12-pounder guns. All the 6-in. guns are protected by 5-in. Krupp armour. The belt is 9 in. thick, and there are six torpedo-tubes, of which two are submerged. On trial she made 18.8 knots. The *Pobieda* is of about the same size as the *Retvizan*, and was built in Russia. She carries four 10-in. guns, eleven 6-in. in casemates, and twenty 12-pounders. She has reached 19 knots on trial. Her name is the Russian for "Victory." The *Bogatyr* was launched at Stettin, in Germany, in 1900. She is a cruiser of 6500 tons, with 4-in. armour on some of the guns and a 2-in. deck. She carries a dozen 6-in. guns and the same number of 12-pounders. On trial she made 23.5 knots. The *Pallada* and *Aurora* are sister ships, of 6600 tons, built in Russia, where one of them was damaged at the burning of Galernü Ostrov Dockyard. They carry eight 6-in. and twenty-two 12-pounder guns, and steam about 20 knots. "Pallada" is the Russian for "Pallas." The *Boyarin* is a small cruiser of 3200 tons, recently built in Denmark. She steams at 23 knots an hour, and is armed with six 4.7-in. guns. The *Retvizan* is about equal to our *Ocean*; the *Pobieda* is somewhat inferior. The large cruisers are on a par with our cruisers of the *Hyacinth* and *Minerva* classes, but of better speed.



THE KAISER'S DEPARTURE: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY AND LORD ROSEBURY DRIVING DOWN HAWES PIER,
BESIDE THE FORTH BRIDGE AT QUEENSFERRY.

His Imperial Majesty left Lowther Castle early on the morning of November 20, and travelled to Dalmeny, where he lunched with Lord Rosebery. Host and guest then drove to the pier at the Forth Bridge, where a pinnace was in waiting to convey the Kaiser on board the "Hohenzollern." What might have been an awkward accident owing to the restlessness of the carriage horses was averted by the promptitude of Sir Archibald Hunter.



THE BRIDGE BEFORE THE FIRE.

THE BRIDGE AFTER THE FIRE.

THE BURNING OF THE NEW EAST RIVER SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. GEORGE LYNCH.



THE DOUKHOBORS ENTERING YORKTON.



CARRYING THE SICK AND LEADING THE BLIND.



THE DOUKHOBOR MEN CHANTING SONGS OF PRAISE
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN.



DOUKHOBOR WOMEN
DRAWING THE PLOUGH.



THE DOUKHOBORS STARTING ON A THREE-HUNDRED MILE MARCH
TO WINNIPEG.

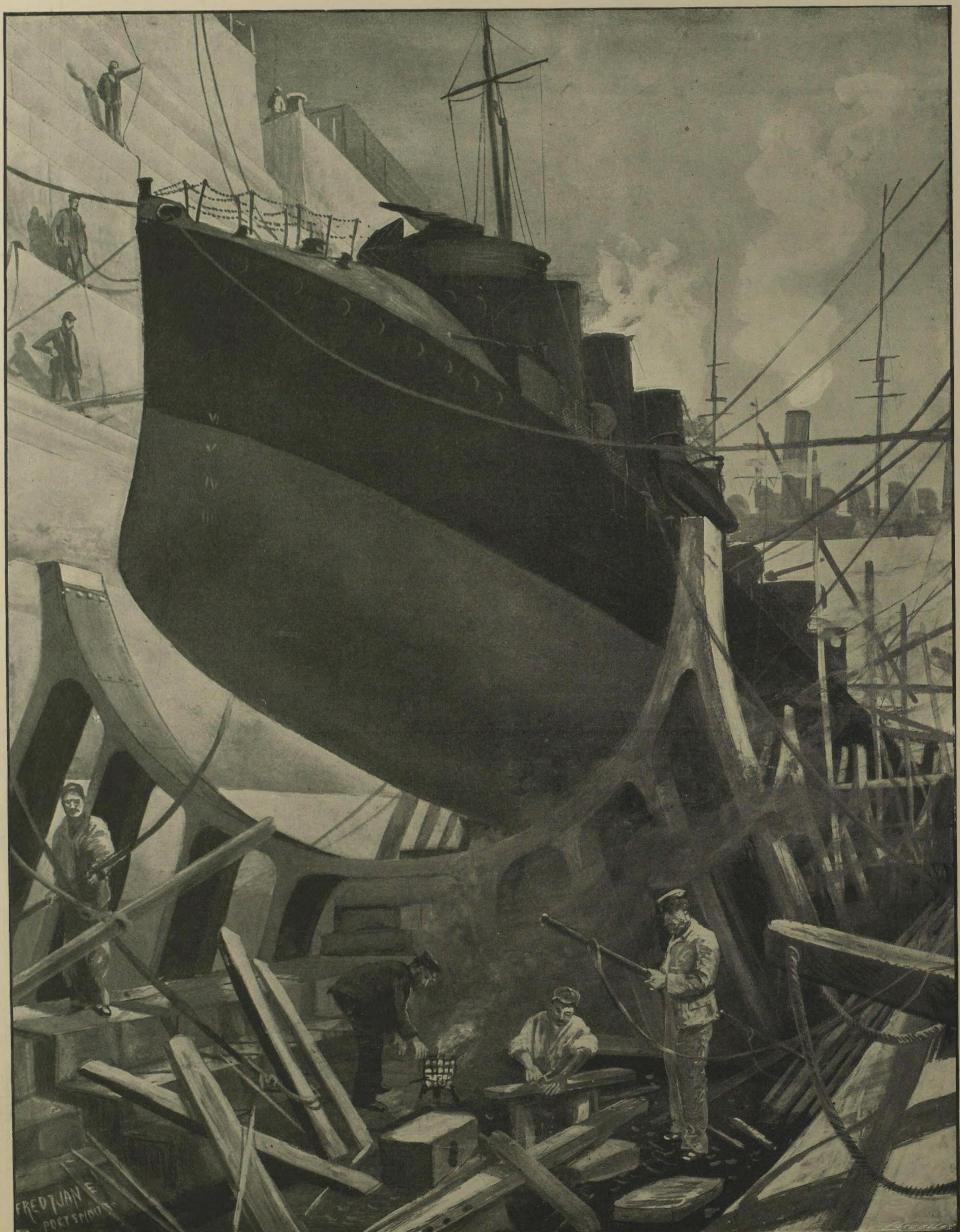
THE DOUKHOBOR INVASION OF YORKTON, CANADA.

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. V. SIMPSON; CENTRAL PICTURE BY MONCRIEFF.

Sixteen hundred Doukhobors, the fanatical Russian exiles in Canada, recently left their villages, in obedience, they said, to a Divine command to evangelise the world, and, carrying their sick on stretchers and leading their blind, marched the fifty miles between their villages and Yorkton in two days. On their arrival, the women, the children, and the sick were placed in the Immigration Hall by the Government officers. The men, thereupon, took up a position on the outskirts of the town, and, facing each other in two groups, sang songs of praise from the evening until the morning. They were exhorted to return to their homes, but refused to do so, and started to march to Winnipeg. On November 8 they were forcibly placed on a special train at Minnedosa and taken back to Yorkton, where another effort was made to send them back to their villages. The Doukhobors conscientiously object to use animals for food or as beasts of burden.

A TEST OF THE SEAWORTHINESS OF TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.



TRYING TO BREAK A DESTROYER'S BACK: THE "WOLF" EXPERIMENT AT PORTSMOUTH.

The destroyer "Wolf" has been placed on four special cradles in dry dock at Portsmouth, in order to furnish data as to the strain necessary to break her back. The test is made by removing the blocks of one or more cradles, so that a large portion of the vessel hangs in mid-air without support of any kind. The cradle remains below to catch the destroyer should she buckle. The two points on which the destroyer rests represent the crests of two waves, between which the vessel must often be poised at sea.

THE VISIT TO THE HOLY MAN.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

Illustrated by A. Forestier.

IT was at the time when the name of the Senussi—the mysterious Holy Man who frightened the Foreign Office from an oasis of the Libyan Desert—was in the papers.

"The Senussi!" exclaimed Stromboli. "When I tell you that *I—moi qui vous parle*—have spoken with the Senussi; when I tell you that *I—moi qui vous parle*—have inflicted an indignity upon the Senussi; nay, more, when I tell you that the Senussi and I exchanged indignities! Are you at leisure? Then let me tell you."

I consented to listen; and Stromboli began—

"*Voyons!* You all talk of the Holy Man with bated breath, as if he was Beelzebub; but I, for my part, always spoke of him openly and fearlessly. And it happened one day, some fifteen years ago, that I was imparting information about him to some old friends of mine, who were Irish members of your House of Commons.

"He's a holy man and a strong man," I was saying, "and he gets holier and stronger every day, and he knows how to bide his time.

One day, when he's holy enough and strong enough, he'll get up in the middle of the night and preach the Holy War. And then beware! His followers will come out of the desert like a swarm of locusts and eat up the country."

Having made this speech, I proceeded to withdraw with dignity; but one of the gentlemen followed me down the stairs, and spoke to me in an Irish accent—

"Oirish whisky, Mr. Stromboli," he said, "is better f'r y'r health than the Scotch that ye've been drinking, an' I happen to know a little place round the corner . . ."

I accepted the invitation as cordially as it was given, never guessing that it was the prelude to a political proposal; but the refreshment was no sooner set before us than my companion broke the ice.

"I was listenin' just now with very much interest to y'r conversation, Mr. Stromboli. Ye were spakin' of a sartain 'oly friend of yours."

"Hardly a personal friend," I corrected.

"Ah, well! ye said he was a holy man, and a powerful man, and ye seemed to know a good deal about his ways. So it occurred to me, between ourselves, to make a little proposal to ye."

It seemed to me, at this stage of the proceedings, that I had better ask my friend his name.

"Me name?" he replied. "Well, of course, that's what I should have begun by telling ye. Me name's Biggar. Maybe ye've heard of me. I'm a member of the Irish Nationalist Party."

I bowed; while Mr. Biggar took off his spectacles, wiped them, put them on again, and peered at me with his penetrating little eyes. Then he called for further glasses of whisky, and proceeded—

"Well, now ye know me name an' me position in life, and we'll proceed to business. What I was about to ask ye

was whether ye think it loikely that this holy friend of yours could be persuaded to take up the cause of Home Rule for Oireland."

I pointed out the obvious difficulty—that the Holy Man was a Mohammedan, and that the Irish people were not; but Mr. Biggar was not disconcerted.

"I've thought of that, Sorr," he replied. "I was thinking of that over the first glass of whisky; and the way out of the difficulty is now clear to me. All that ye have to do is to put it to the Holy Man in this way—that the down-trodden Oirish people are prevented from becoming Mohammedans because they have not yet obtained Home Rule."

I congratulated Mr. Biggar on the ingenuity of his argument, and he advanc'd it a step further.

"I'm thinkin', Mr. Stromboli, that the party to which I hold the confidential position of treasurer might perhaps make it worth y'r while to pay a visit to Mr. Senussi."

"The Senussi," I corrected.

"Ah! So they say The Senussi, just as we say The O'Donoghue. It's a further bond of union between us. And as I was saying, I'm thinkin' it might be made worth y'r while to go and see him, and present him with me compliments—the compliments of Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar—and suggest to him that he should create a diversion in the direction of Egypt, at the time when the Oirish members are moving the adjournment of the House of Commons. Will ye tell me now what ye think of the proposal?"

I looked him in the face to make sure that he was sober and in earnest. I saw that he was both, and raised no objection when he called for a third glass of whisky.

"*Voyons!* Mr. Biggar," I said. "This is a very dangerous mission on which you propose to send me. Are you aware that the oasis in which the Senussi lives is surrounded by Arabs who have absolutely no other work to do except to murder all strangers who approach it without satisfactory credentials?"

But Mr. Biggar was not confounded by the question.

"That's what I was thinkin' of over the second glass of whisky, Mr. Stromboli," he replied; "and I have already thought out a plan for you."

"Unfold it, Mr. Biggar," I said. And he unfolded it.

"It's like this, Mr. Stromboli. In addition to bein' an Oirish member, I'm in business, as ye may have heard, as a provision merchant."

"Proceed, Sir," I said; and he proceeded.

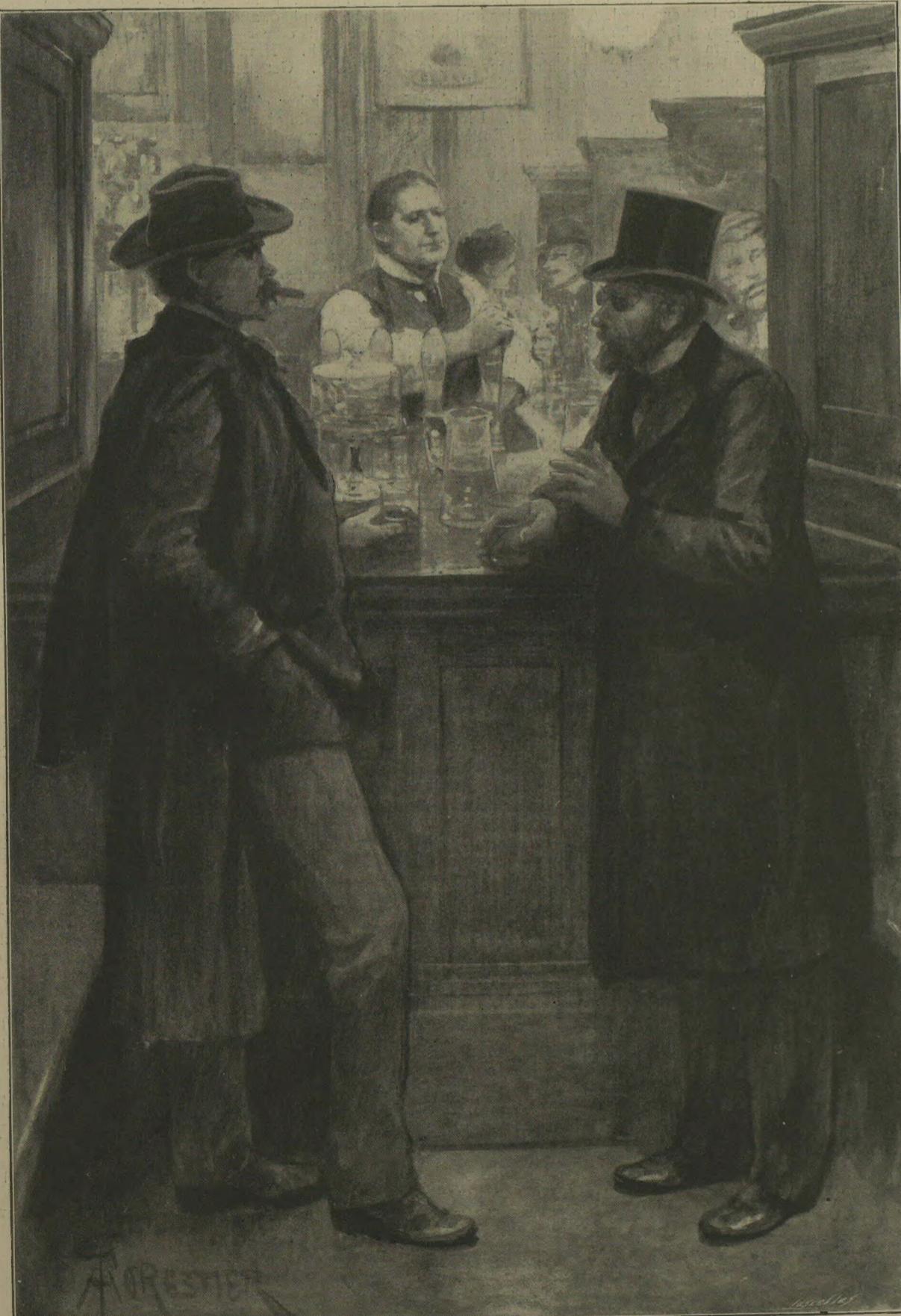
"There's one of me customers that's a Mohammedan. He's an Arab who throws raw potatoes into the air and catches them on the bridge of his nose and breaks them, in circuses in the North of Oireland; but he doesn't pay up very easily, and I've threatened to County Court him for his bill. Now I'm thinking that it wdn't take a great deal of persuasion to induce that performing Mohammedan to give ye the sort of letter of introduction that ye require."

And Mr. Biggar called for a fourth glass of whisky; while I pointed out a further difficulty—that a Mohammedan who wrote from Ireland might perhaps fail to inspire the Senussi with confidence.

"I was thinkin' of that over the third glass, and it's no difficulty at all, at all," said Mr. Biggar. "The man wdn't date his letter from the circus, and he wdn't mention that he made his livin' by catchin' praties on the bridge of his nose; he'd date it from just where ye like, and he'd say just what ye please in it. Now, Mr. Stromboli, are ye satisfied? Take a minute or two to think it over."

I reflected for a minute or two with folded arms. Then, having made up my mind, I gripped Mr. Biggar by the hand.

"*Voyons!* Mr. Biggar, you are a man of genius," I exclaimed. "Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski says



I looked him in the face.

it. There now remains no difficulty but one—the payment of my travelling expenses in advance."

His expression changed, as I have heard that it always did when money had to be disbursed; and his tone, for the instant, was almost unfriendly. At any rate it was peremptory.

"Now, mind me," he began. "Ye'll go thurred class, and ye'll take some packets of sandwiches so that ye needn't be always dining in the hotels, and ye'll—"

But I overawed him.

"*Voyons!* Mr. Biggar," I said. "Pray observe that you are not speaking to one of your Irish members. You are speaking to Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski."

"I ask y'r pardon, Sorr; I ask y'r pardon," said Mr. Biggar.

"It is granted," I replied with dignity. "The brusqueness of your manner is no doubt necessary with Irish members, when they are at once indigent and exigent; but your heart is in the right place. And now, with your permission, we will discuss the details of our project."

"While I have been drinkin' me fourth glass," rejoined Mr. Biggar, "it has occurred to me that that will be the more profitable course. General principles are best agreed upon over the convivial bowl; but it would be an error of judgment to settle the practical minutiae while under its influence, the more especially as the good people here are now engaged in turning out the lights."

So we bade each other an affectionate farewell, postponing the adjustment of the details, which were duly arranged at other interviews conducted in the day.

I need not dwell upon them. Suffice it to say that my travelling expenses and my letter of introduction were both forthcoming in due season, the latter being written at my dictation, and checked and corrected, for the prevention of treachery, by an eminent Oriental scholar. As for my remuneration—

"We'll pay ye by results," said Mr. Biggar; "and ye'll find that ye'll be treated very handsomely on the day when Ould Oireland gets Home Rule."

And his parting speech was—

"Me bhoy, ye're one of the brightest jewels in the crown that Ould Oireland's foightin' for, and I'm only sorry we can't be after givin' ye a public dinner by way of a send-off. But there's the danger that the Holy Man would come to hear of it, and shoot at ye from behind a hedge in the desert, just for all the world as if ye were a landlord. So ye'd best go about the business stealthily. And now good luck to ye."

So we shook hands on the platform at Charing Cross, and I set forth alone upon my perilous adventure.

My starting-point was Cairo. There I was to hire camels and guides, and buy presents to propitiate hostile chiefs; and there began my pilgrimage across the wide and burning wastes of the Libyan Desert.

You will not ask me for particulars of that desert journey. One journey through the desert is very like another—blazing days and chilly nights; a parching thirst that no drink really quells; the sandstorm blown along by a wind like a blast from an oven; the welcome rest beneath the date palms at the wells; the glorious sunsets that seem to set the heavens afame: but no real incident unless you miss the wells and die of thirst, or marauding Arabs find you out and fall on you, and slay you, or drive you away to be sold in some slave-market in the heart of the Dark Continent.

And I—*moi qui vous parle*—I braved those terrors, protected only by my Arabic letter, written at my dictation by the degenerate Mohammedan who broke raw potatoes on the bridge of his nose in the circus in the North of Ireland.

Again and again my guides tried to persuade me to turn back, their terror increasing with every step that took us nearer to our destination.

"To draw near to Jarabub is forbidden," they said; "Senussi-el-Mahdi will slay us, and our blood will be on our master's head."

I retorted with emphasis and even with temper.

"*Voyons!*" I said. "Are you not under my protection, and have I not paid you in advance? Go to, then, and lead on. Otherwise, your blood will truly be upon your master's head, here and now. For I will slay you, and leave you for the crows to pick your bones."

"It is fated," they said, and moved on sulkily.

But presently I saw that they were whispering together; and I guessed what they were planning—to murder me in the night-time and steal away. Against this danger also, therefore, I took precaution.

"*Voyons!*" I said. "You have the souls of slaves, and like slaves shall you be treated. This night, and every night, shall you sleep bound with cords, so that you may not run away."

But, to my amazement, my proposal did not make them angry.

"So be it," they said. "For then will Senussi-el-Mahdi know that we are indeed our master's slaves, and that it is our master alone who is accountable and worthy to be put to death."

So I tied them up—none the less securely because they had professed themselves willing to be tied—and, so to say, drove my guides before me towards the Oasis of Jarabub.

Once or twice parties of Arabs, springing, as it seemed, out of the yellow sand, came upon me in the early morning, and bade me turn back to the place that I had come from.

"It is the will of Senussi-el-Mahdi," they explained, "and he cares but little whether we send thee back or slay thee where thou standest. Turn back, therefore, dog of a Christian, lest a worse thing befall thee."

No doubt they would have killed me without parley if they had not seen that I was armed and could retaliate. But I had my rifle in my hands and two revolvers in my belt, so that they listened to me, or, rather, to my guide Abdullah, who interpreted.

"Nay, but we come as friends," Abdullah said, "and our master bears a letter for Senussi-el-Mahdi from a true son of the Prophet in a distant land."

"Son of a dog, thou liest!" said the savage and courteous Arab.

There was nothing for it, therefore, but to show him the letter and let him read it. He still seemed only half convinced, but that sufficed.

"It is strange," he said, "but Senussi-el-Mahdi, who knows all things, will decide, when he has put thee to the question. It may be that he will make thee welcome, and it may be that he will slit thy throat; but I must not slit it for him until I know his will. In the meantime hast thou not perchance some gift for me?"

I unpacked a burnous from my baggage and handed it to him with a courteous inclination.

He took it from me with as little ceremony as though it had been a contraband article detected at a custom-house; but he made a sign to his men, and they melted away as suddenly as they had come in sight.

We hurried on, starting each morning before dawn, so as to travel quickly while the air was cool, until one day, when the dawn broke, suddenly almost as a flash of lightning, the gleaming walls of a city showed themselves in front of us.

"It is Jarabub," said my guides with a single voice, throwing themselves upon the ground to say their prayers.

I told them to make haste with their devotions and come on; and in half an hour or so we had reached our goal, and were seeking admission at the city gates.

Do you ask me to describe the city? Well, I should say that, from a distance, it looked not unlike a group of disused limekilns, and that the resemblance did not entirely disappear when one got close to it. But I had no time just then to observe it closely. The walls and the windows were crowded with black men dressed in white, and bawling questions in a language that I did not understand.

It was my luck that there was a man in the crowd who knew the English language; for then I knew what line to take.

"*Voyons!*" I said to myself. "A black man who knows English knows also Englishmen, and is accustomed to be ordered, and not asked to do what is required."

And to him I said, in the tones of one accustomed to command—

"Hi, you, there! What's your name, and where do you come from?"

The effect was instantaneous, as, indeed, I had expected. Old memories and associations triumphed, and he spoke to me as a black soldier servant to his officer—

"Kroo boy, Sah, from West Coast, Sah. Name Bottled Bass, Sah. Hope you quite well, Sah. Get you plenty chop one time, Sah."

It was the perpetuated triumph of the higher civilisation over the lower. I lost no time in following it up.

"That's all right, Bottled Bass," I said; "we'll see about chop later on. Meanwhile get this gate open, and tell Senussi-el-Mahdi I want to see him. Say I've got a letter from an old friend of his at Mecca."

To an Arab, of course, I should not have spoken thus; but it was clearly the proper way to speak to Bottled Bass. The Arabs themselves seemed favourably impressed on finding that I spoke to this recent negro convert with less ceremony than to themselves; and he himself seemed proud to be spoken to at all.

It was not likely, of course, that he would be in a position to convey my message personally. But he was a friendly interpreter, and he would pass it on. Exclusive though the Senussi might be, the rumour would reach him, and his curiosity would be aroused. And so it happened.

After a pause the city gate was opened, and I was allowed to enter. I was put in a courtyard, closely guarded, and given some dates and a jug of water. The population came and stared at me. But, at last, after weary hours of waiting, a message was delivered to me. Abdullah and Bottled Bass were jointly charged with its interpretation.

"The unbeliever is summoned to the presence," was Abdulla's rendering.

"This way, Sah. Follow the gen'leman, Sah," was the gloss of Bottled Bass.

The momentous hour had come, and I will not pretend that I approached it without apprehension. But there was no trace of nervousness in my demeanour. I was grave and dignified. Knowing what was due to myself, as well as what was due to my host, I met Senussi-el-Mahdi in the manner in which one high potentate meets another. It is not my fault that his attitude towards me was less courteous.

Let me give him his due, however. He was a man of imposing and remarkable appearance: tall, with a fine full beard flowing to his waist, yet not hiding the fact that his chin was square and resolute; keen-eyed, as one who read the hearts of those who come before him; slow but very masterful in his gestures. Save for his dress—he wore loose white robes and a turban on his head—he might have reminded one of those old-fashioned English schoolmasters at whose least word boys trembled. One would not dare to jest with him. He spoke French as well as Arabic.

I bowed to him most ceremoniously, but he did not return my bow. It was a bad beginning.

"What would you with me?" he asked curtly; and I explained myself.

"I have come from a far country," I said, "that the light of Senussi-el-Mahdi may shine upon me. I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski."

He merely stared at me as at some strange insect.

"Yes," I repeated, "I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski, and I bear a letter which will in part explain the reason why I seek this interview."

He motioned to a guard, who took the letter from me and placed it in his hands. He read it aloud, translating it for my benefit into French—

From Mohammed-ben-Ali of Mecca, to the most Holy Son of the Prophet, the Chosen of God, Senussi-el-Mahdi. Greeting.
With my own hands I write to thee commanding to thee one who dwelleth among unbelievers yet worshippeth Allah according to his lights, and journeyeth to thee that a fuller light may shine upon his heart. Instruct him in the truth, O Mahdi! and he will be thy faithful servant. Nay, more, when instructed by thee in the Book, he shall in his turn instruct thee how the light may be spread among a people who yet live in darkness because their rulers hide the light. He is a man of a stout heart, moreover, and will draw the sword for thee at the hour when thou proclaimest the Jihad.

Senussi-el-Mahdi read this calmly and without visible emotion. There was no outburst of cordiality such as I had hoped for; there was no outburst of anger such as I had feared in the event of his guessing that I had come to him with forged credentials. Perhaps he had some faint suspicions; perhaps he was only following the ordinary rule of procedure in such cases. I cannot say. I only know that his manner was cold and judicious—like that of a schoolmaster to whom a new boy has been brought to be examined.

"You are sent to me for instruction? It is well. Speak, then, and tell me if thou knowest the Koran."

It was a question that I was not prepared for, but I blurted out an ambiguous answer.

"*Voyons!* I know a little of most things, and my memory is good. As for the Koran, I know a very good translation of it, on which the skilled opinion of a scholar of your eminence—"

"So thou knowest not the Koran," interrupted Senussi-el-Mahdi pitilessly. "Or shall I question thee therein?"

This, too, was a proposal which I had not anticipated. It is not impossible that my face may have shown signs of my confusion. I stammered out the only excuse that occurred to me—

"*Voyons!* I have had a long journey and am tired. With rest and preparation—"

But once more Senussi-el-Mahdi stopped me.

"It is well," he said. "Thou knowest not the Koran. But thou hast asked for instruction, and thou shalt be instructed. When thou hast learnt the Koran, I will hear thee further on the subject of the letter."

And he motioned to the guards, saying—

"Conduct him to the school, and place him in the lowest class."

Need I say that things were happening by no means as I had intended them to happen? Need I add that the word "instruct" would never have appeared in my credentials had I surmised that it would be interpreted so literally? Yet it is clear, I think, that at the moment no useful alternative to doing as I was told was open to me. So I followed my guides.

No violence was used to me; no harsh words were spoken; though I must have been a puzzle to the inhabitants, they were too well disciplined to show it—all of them, that is to say, except Bottled Bass, who grinned at me with gleaming teeth.

They showed me the room that I was to live in. It was close to the residence of the Senussi himself, who wished, I suppose, to keep an eye on me. And then they put me to school. *I—moi qui vous parle*—a man of much general knowledge and wide experience of life, was put to school—and in the lowest class! I had to sit, cross-legged, in the midst of a semicircle of negro boys, while a learned Arab, with a stick and a manuscript, sat in the centre and taught.

"No matter," I said to myself, "my time will come, and I will bide my time, and earn my promised fee."

But I was curious to know the term of my probation; and I put the question to my teacher as politely as I could.

"In view, Sir," I said, "of the zeal for knowledge which I am demonstrating, would you mind informing me how long this interesting course of instruction is to last?"

"You are as a little child," he answered kindly, "but it may be, if Allah wills it, that in seven years you will have acquired the knowledge of a man."

Seven years of this tomfoolery! It was too terrible! My heart sank and my temper rose—the more so when I perceived that Bottled Bass, who was also a member of the lowest class, was grinning; and I retorted hotly—

"*Voyons!* Do you take me for a fool, then? A little Koran is all very well in its way; but seven years of it! If you can't shorten the course considerably, Sir, I'll get up and walk out of the place!"

The teacher answered, more in sorrow than in anger, that my words should be laid before Senussi-el-Mahdi. He went out to report them, and presently returned, and said, still more in sorrow than in anger—

"El-Mahdi says that it is written that you shall be chastised, in order that you may learn humility."

And, almost before I knew what was happening, my teacher had motioned to two tall serving-men, and they had laid me on my back, holding my feet in the air, and the good old man himself was caning the soles of my feet.

I know not whether the pain or the indignity was worse, for both were very great. But the pain passed and the indignity remained. The more I reflected on the matter, the more certainly I felt that my position in the sacred city was untenable. Neither for the cause of Ireland nor for my promised fee would I consent to sit for seven years learning the Koran, and being caned when I displeased my teacher.

Yet how to get away—that was indeed a knotty problem to think out. My teacher himself, who bore me no ill-will, but had merely punished me for what he conceived to be my good, told me, in the kindness of his heart, that it would be impossible for me to get away.

"Though thou shouldst take the swiftest camel in the city," he said, "yet wouldst thou be overtaken. For among the gifts of God to Senussi-el-Mahdi is this gift: he throws himself into a trance so that none can wake him, and his dreams are messages that flash across the desert, and become answering dreams in the brains of other faithful followers of the Prophet. Thus would he speed word of thy escape, and the faithful would lie in wait for thee and bring thee back. Wherefore be comforted, for it is written that thou shalt stay with us, and become, in the fullness of time, a holy man."

This time I did not answer hotly, having learnt from experience that it would be better not to do so; but I withdrew to meditate.

"*Voyons!*" I said to myself. "Let me think things out. Surely I have thought out things as difficult in other days!"

And so I gradually framed my plan, examining it and adding to it nightly while I lay awake. This is how the plan slowly built itself—

"Shall I slip over the wall and get away at night? It might be done, but it would be no use. I should only be in the desert, where I should die of thirst. Shall I steal a camel? But one cannot steal a camel quite so

easily as one can steal a cat or dog—nor can one lift a camel over a wall at night. What then? There is no way of going without Senussi-el-Mahdi's leave."

Thus I began thinking; and as night succeeded night my thoughts took more useful shape.

"How to get leave to go? If I could lay Senussi-el-Mahdi under some great obligation—but that is hard. He is not the man to be sensible of obligations. He will let me go only if he can be made to feel that it is to his interest to be rid of me."

That narrowed the problem. But how to prove to Senussi-el-Mahdi that it would be well for him to let me go? It took at least three weeks' hard thought to settle that; but, at the end of the three weeks, light flashed upon me.

"*Voyons!*" I cried. "He has trances, and when he is in a trance—"

I did not dare to speak aloud the thought that was in my mind; but I nursed it, filling in the details, and waiting patiently.

As I have told you, I slept in a room quite near Senussi-el-Mahdi's own, and I now made it my rule every night to creep on tiptoe to his chamber and peep through his curtains to see whether his sleep was a trance or not. Night after night I crept back disappointed. But the night came at last when I saw that he lay stiff and still, with his eyes wide open and yet seeing nothing; and I knew that at last the hour for action had arrived.

"He will either murder me or let me go," I said to myself. "I will take the risk. It is the only way."

With that I crept back to my own room, and fumbling in the dark among my belongings, found my razor. I looked out of the window to make sure that no one saw or heard me; but the city was silent save for the dismal howling of stray dogs, and the watchman pacing on the walls. Then I lit a tiny lamp, and covering it with my hand, crept back to where the Senussi lay.

To murder him? A poor plan that in a city where every man would be eager to avenge his death. To threaten him? He was hardly a man who would keep a promise made under the influence of threats. I had a plan that promised better.

"*Voyons!* It is a great art, the barber's!" I whispered to myself, as I mixed the lather and plastered it gently on his chin.

He did not wake; he did not even stir. His soul was far away, communing with the souls of other pious Musselmans elsewhere; and while it wandered, *I—moi qui vous parle*—shaved Senussi-el-Mahdi where he lay.

To what purpose? You will begin to grasp my purpose when I describe the manner in which I shaved him.

For I did not shave him altogether; nor did I shave him precisely as the barbers shave. Far from it. On the contrary, I shaved off the beard on the right side of his face and the hair on the same side of his head; and then

I took cosmetics and twisted out his great moustache until it stretched six inches or more either way, like furious spikes of straw.

"Now for a looking-glass," I said to myself; and having found a mirror, I so fixed it that, when Senussi-el-Mahdi woke, he would look straight into it and see his altered image.

To what purpose? Surely you have guessed. But I had not yet quite finished my strange task.

"*Voyons, mon cher!*" I went on, soliloquising: "I think I should like your portrait as a souvenir."

So I crept back once more and fetched my camera, and blew magnesium powder through the flame of the little lamp to make a flashlight, and took my snap-shot of Senussi-el-Mahdi in his trance.

The flash aroused him from his slumbers. His eyes opened, and he saw the reflection of his face. Doubtless he would have yelled in his amazement, but I took a quick step forward and clapped my hands upon his mouth.

My self-possession and my quick wit had now returned to me. I was no longer the schoolboy, humbled and chastised. I was Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski, master of the situation. My tongue was loosened, and my words flowed quickly.

"*Voyons!* You know me?" I began. "I am Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski."

Senussi-el-Mahdi nodded his grotesque head slowly. Half his proud spirit seemed to have left him with the loss of half his hair.

"You have trampled on me," I continued; "you have insulted me; you have inflicted shameful indignities on me. But no man with impunity treats Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski thus; and now my hour has come."

A menace was rising to his lips; but I had only to hold the mirror once more before him to subdue him. As

I have said, his self-confidence forsook him when he saw how ridiculous he looked. I continued—

"You have made me speak to you humbly as a pupil to his master—as a sinner to a saint. But that is over now. I have treated you with ignominy, even as you treated me; and now that account is squared between us, I speak to you as man to man."

"Dog of a—" he began; but once more I held the mirror to him, and he changed his tone, and merely asked—

"What would you with me, then?"

"Listen," I replied. "I know well that you have but to speak the word to have me slain. But I know also—and you, too, know—that, if you speak that word, the reputation of Senussi-el-Mahdi is for ever lost. Think of it, then! A Mahdi with half a beard and half a head of hair, and a waxed moustache like a Hungarian hussar's! The thing is too ridiculous! It could not be."

And once more I emphasised my criticisms with the mirror; and he looked at me with impotent rage, and did not speak.

"Listen," I continued. "You can keep your holy reputation only if you hide your shame by veiling yourself until your beard has grown again; you may even acquire an added holiness. Who knows? But you can only keep your secret if you let me depart from Jarabub in peace. What say you, Holy Man?"

He still seemed to hesitate; but this time I had merely to point to the mirror to decide him.

"Depart in peace," he said.

"But I shall need guides and an escort," I replied.

"You shall have them."

"And a letter of safe conduct. Take your pen and write."



Once more I held up the mirror to him.

I put the materials before him, and he wrote at my dictation—

Senussi-el-Mahdi to all whom it may concern. Greeting—

Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski, the stranger within my gates, goeth on a high errand for me to Cairo. Let him have guides and camels. Let him start at once. Protect him and speed him on his way.

"Good," I said; but then I remembered something else.

There were his trances, and the murderous messages that he might send in them. Against that risk also I must make provision. So I made him add—

Take warning, also, that there is a certain false prophet, an enemy of the stranger, who sendeth messages in my name. Happily he will send false messages compassing the stranger's death. Know, therefore, that such messages come not from me; and slay any man who seeks to harm one hair of the stranger's head. And in the meantime, let none disturb me for two days.

"Now sign it," I said. And Senussi-el-Mahdi signed; and having gained my end, I once more treated him with courtesy and consideration.

"Farewell," I said. "May Allâh make your hair and beard grow quickly! For your hospitality—such as it was—I thank you. Rest assured that I shall guard at least one pleasant recollection of my sojourn here."

With that I bowed several times, and walking backwards respectfully, gradually left the room.

And so—as I had no trouble in the desert—my adventure ended happily.

My fee, indeed, is still unpaid; but I have not ceased to hope for it. Even now the Sect of the Senussi agitates and causes trouble; and many Irish members, having made wealthy marriages, are in a position to recompense, with interest on the over-due account, the service rendered them by Jean Antoine Stromboli Kosnapulski.

THE END.

ART NOTES.

At the galleries of Messrs. Agnew is held the eighth annual exhibition on behalf of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. Here are pictures which make it a notable gathering—fine examples of Turner, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Romney. Pre-eminent is Gainsborough's "The Hon. Anne Duncombe," wherein the face is the centre of interest—a centre, strange to say, not recognised by all portrait-painters. Gainsborough, however, is almost invariably discerning, with this result his faces live. Their life is the more manifest by the contrast which they make with the coldness and unreality of their accessories. However delightfully these may be painted, however interesting and beautiful they are as paint, it is not till the face, with its vital expression, is seen, that the true inwardness of the genius of Gainsborough is made apparent. In the Miss Duncombe portrait the expression is subtle, difficult to describe, aloofly genial, faintly kind: a true presentment of the complication of a fine lady's life, and of the war between conventional manners and the mere naturalness which then more than now bore the reproach of ill-breeding.

It is in this that Gainsborough differs from Reynolds, whose search was rather for the simplicities of nature and the franker face. In the present picture, Gainsborough is more than usually cold in his scheme of background—his artificial trees, his invented pillars. The hands alone bear with the face the beautiful burden of reality. Two memorable pictures are the groups of, in both cases, brother and sister, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Both are very rich in colour. "The Fortune-Tellers"—portraits of the children of the third Duke of Marlborough—has perhaps an extreme of winsomeness in the expression of the boy, but its magnificent colour makes all amends, supposing amends had to be made for a fault which is in itself charming. In the other group—"The Angerstein Children"—there is more perfect attainment of the true expression of childhood, and perhaps even more in the slighter and smaller study, by the same artist, called "Girl with a Goldfinch." A very important Romney is the portrait of Miss Sarah Rodbard, a staid and fine picture, but belonging to a heavy art when compared with that of the brilliant Gainsborough.

The room filled by the works (coloured and plain) of Mr. Walter Crane at the Doré Gallery constitutes a monument to the artist's industry. The many water-colours of landscape show a not yet very well known side of Mr. Crane's art: but it is the drawings made for reproduction which are done in the happiest mood. Mr. Crane's colour is excellent when it is to serve the simple purposes of a nursery-book. It is less attractive when developed on its own narrow lines and applied to landscape studies. Really beautiful are some of the black-and-white

book decorations, notably the drawings in illustration of the "Shepherd's Calendar," No. 69 in the present exhibition.

Having gathered a not altogether favourable impression of Mr. Will Rothenstein's work at the New English Art Club, we take pleasure in finding him at the Carfax Gallery, where he shows pastels nearer to that standard which he has set himself to establish in past years. Decidedly the most pleasing are those two which both bear the title "First Steps." In these the composition has been well considered, or has happily found itself arranged, in which case it is to Mr. Rothenstein's good fortune and good judgment that we owe two charming drawings. Other good arrangements of the figures of mother and child are less cleverly dealt with.

Provincial towns are keeping step with London this exhibition season; and Bath in particular has proved itself the possessor of an energetic Art Committee. At the Victoria Art Gallery in the stone city is now lodged a loan collection of mezzotints to illustrate the history of this branch of engraving in a complete and instructive way. Visitors to Bath are well supplied in the matter of catalogues by Mr. H. Lansdowne, the curator, who ably records and explains exhibits ranging from the first mezzotint known—the portrait of Amelia Elizabeth, Landgravine of Hesse, executed in 1643—to the developed work of two hundred years later. The names of Prince Rupert and his followers—followers in the field of art, not of battle—have place in the present list of mezzotinters. Indeed, all the masters of mezzotint in this country march under the standard of that dashing charger—in one sense a linesman—for he it was who first brought to England an art since become a really British possession.



1. EASTER NIGHT: KATUCHA AND PRINCE NEKLUDOFF.

3. THE CONVOY OF EXILES EN ROUTE FOR SIBERIA.

2. THE PRISON FOR WOMEN AT MOSCOW.

THE PRODUCTION OF "RESURRECTION," A DRAMATIC VERSION OF TOLSTOY'S ROMANCE, AT THE ODÉON, NOV. 14.

The play tells the story of a Russian official who, having ruined a woman, has ultimately, as a juryman, to condemn her to penal servitude in Siberia. Conscience-stricken, he renounces everything to undertake the work of reclaiming her, and even offers her marriage. To this she will not consent, and they part, each having experienced a spiritual resurrection.



WAZIRI TYPES.

A GROUP OF DARWESH KHEL WAZIRIS.

In the immediate foreground of the group is a chief. On his right are two powerful raiders. On his left is a well-known desperado. The figure leaning against the tent-pole with clasped hands is a holy man.



A TYPICAL WATCH-TOWER OF THE DARWESH KHEL WAZIRIS.

DRAWN BY G. MONTBARD FROM A SKETCH BY A MEDICAL OFFICER; PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE SAME SOURCE.

During their occasional outbreaks, the tribes of the North-West Frontier use such towers as these as rallying-points. To reduce these hill positions often costs us, as recent regrettable events have shown, many gallant lives.

THE FUNERAL OF FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CHICHESTER.



THE BURIAL SERVICE IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The funeral of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar took place on Nov. 29, 1902, in Chichester Cathedral. The service was attended by the Prince of Wales, General H.R.H. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, General Sir H. E. Wood, V.C., Field-Marshal Sir H. W. Norman, Lieutenant-General Lord Methuen, Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis, and many other naval and military men.

LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

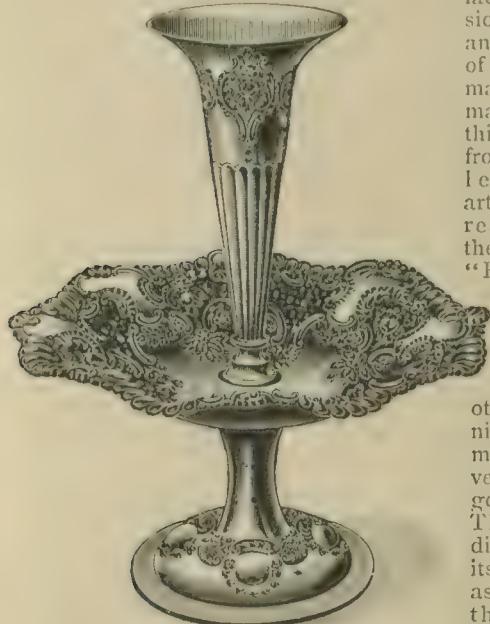
There is every probability that we shall have an exceptionally gay and merry Christmas. There has been so much depression at this season for the past three years, through war and its attendant sadness, that this year, when everything is brighter and the King and Court are taking an active share in social life, we may hope to feel a joyous reaction and return to the better days of Christmas, with its gay and kindly feeling, expressed partly in the interchange of presents.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb, in their truly palatial show-rooms at 158 to 162, Oxford Street, and at 2, Queen Victoria Street, facing the Mansion House, have an immense stock of gifts. Here may be seen all manner of lovely things, ranging from small and less costly articles, either in real silver, or their speciality, "Prince's Plate," up to superb centrepieces, bowls, complete dessert services, and

other most magnificent specimens of the silversmith's and goldsmith's art. The charming display divides itself naturally, as it were, into three classes: first, solid sterling silver; next, silver-plated articles; and

third, fancy goods. A magnificent centrepiece in sterling silver, which is beautifully hand-chased after some work by Benvenuto Cellini, with side-dishes to match, or a fruit-dish, chased and pierced until it almost resembles lace, are examples of that fine silver-work which is selected for presentation on special occasions by discriminating admirers, or which is purchased for use in great houses. On the other hand, there are many dainty little pieces of silversmith's work of which the price is quite moderate, although the precious metal in sterling quality is used throughout. There are coffee-spoons and tea-spoons, with tongs to match, in morocco cases, in the Apostle, rat-tail, and various fancy designs; or cases containing pepper-box, mustard-pot, and spoon. One neat little set holds a serviette-ring, an egg-cup, and egg-spoon in silver. After-dinner coffee-services, the cups in pierced silver holders, cake-baskets, and many shapes of preserve-dishes are other specimens. Those charming silver flower-vases which make every sort of blossom look even more beautiful than its wont, are capital presents: one favourite design of Messrs. Mappin and Webb's is the "Iris" vase, with the flowers worked out in dead silver, and bright silver decorating it as a rim round the top. There is a big selection of ink-stands, some in solid silver, others in heavy cut glass with silver bases and tops. A delightful silver hot-water jug, so solid and strong, shining bright metal outside and dead silver for the lining, with a case handle, took my fancy greatly. Then there are biscuit-boxes of all varieties; one is a model of a drum, with the drumsticks upon it to serve as handles. Among the sterling silver articles there are many specially suitable for men's presents. There is a capital form of cigar-lighter—a silver ball set on a double hinge, like a ship's compass, fixed to the end of an antelope's horn; convenient for handing round the table. Messrs. Mappin

and Webb's is one of the few houses where many 18-carat gold articles are kept in stock, these ranging from sets of spoons, cigarette-cases, and such



FLOWER AND FRUIT EPERGNE.
Messrs. Mappin and Webb.



TOBACCO-JAR.
Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

make an ideal table-decoration. A Prince's Plate bowl surrounds a white china basin in which a pudding has been boiled, to look pretty on the table; and the bowl serves as a soup-tureen on other occasions. A similarly useful transformation can be arranged with a handsome stand in chased Prince's Plate, which will hold three dishes for butter, cheese, and biscuits, or one large dish for stewed fruit, or a wooden platter for a bread-plate. Innumerable small articles, such as a special annealed glass for hot water or Russian tea, held in a Prince's plated stand, is only 8s. 6d. From the fancy department we take another of our Illustrations—that delightful little silver couch which will do duty on the dressing-table as a pin-cushion, but is so dainty and pretty that it deserves a place on the ornamental silver table in the drawing-room. In this department there are photograph-frames of all kinds, letter-clips, dressing-bags, manicure-sets, and every variety of bags, purses, and fancy leather work in such forms as blotting-books and envelope-stands.

Originality and variety mark the stock of the Association of Diamond Merchants at 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, facing Trafalgar Square, Strand. This firm are continually thinking of something new and charming to offer the public. Their newest idea will command itself to proud mothers for a gift for their Christmas. The miniature of the latest darling of your heart can be executed here and set as illustrated in a pretty frame of the precious stones traditionally appropriate to the month in which your little treasure was given to you from Heaven. The Association will send a list of the gems belonging, according to tradition, to the various months of the year; they production of from a photograph-enamel or on price varies, the stone, from guineas, except the April baby, have diamonds, costly—natur-ally the less expensive—charming by the Association of Diamond Merchants. A handsome muff-chain, decorated with irregular-shaped pearls, turquoise matrix, various coloured sapphires and rubies, has a rich and most attractive effect, and yet costs but twenty-five pounds, and similar bracelets are only five pounds. The dainty necklace we illustrate is also made with a charming variety of colour, artistically arranged and linked with a pretty design in white enamel; the stones used are sapphires of various tints (for this stone is found not only in the characteristic dark-blue

considerable pieces, to the small trinkets that hang upon a lady's chatelaine. For moderate prices, and yet charming gifts, we can go on to the plated goods. Messrs. Mappin and Webb have a speciality in their "Prince's Plate." In this there are many desirable articles at very moderate prices. There is that charming pierced and chased fruit-dish illustrated, with a flower-stand rising above. The same idea is to be had in a considerably large centrepiece, and flowers and fruit combined

one all the world over for watches and clocks in particular; and it is quite wonderful what good value can be obtained in this direction. A clock for dining or drawing room, or a whole mantelpiece set with a really splendid appearance, can be purchased much more cheaply than one would suppose beforehand. Then there are the dainty boudoir timepieces, as illustrated, some in plain silver cases, some in chased silver, some with tortoiseshell and pierced silver both lending their aid to making a thing of beauty. The little movable clocks, generally known as "carriage clocks," some with and some without alarms, are also elegant and acceptable gifts, and all being John Bennett's work, are most reliable time-keepers. Then there is at 65, Cheapside, a very extensive and fine stock of jewellery. Gentlemen's dress-studs, links, pins, and seals are a speciality; so is every description of silver and gold pen-holder and



DIAMOND BROOCH-PENDANT.
Sir John Bennett.

pencil-case. There is excellent value in the pearls and diamonds, whether in the form of dainty and artistic brooches, such as we illustrate, or in the more magnificent guise of rich pendants, stars, and crescents for the dress and the hair, necklets and tiaras, rings of price, and fine neck-chains.

The popular charm of anything that seems mysterious at first glance has been often used by the commercial man to excite interest in his wares. The value of this method depends, of course, on the quality of the article, and this has been proved by the present extraordinary vogue of "4711" Eau de Cologne, at first a symbol of which few knew the meaning. Curiosity led to a wonderful demand. The same maker has since introduced the now almost equally well-known "Rhine Violets," "Maréchal Niel," and "Rhine Gold." These perfumes make the most delightful and welcome Christmas presents. The Eau de Cologne is done up in 2s. bottles, 3d. extra for postage (six in case for 12s. 6d., post free), and a new fancy watch shape at 1s. This last has a screw-stopper from which to scatter the scent. The other perfumes are done up in bottles from 3s. upwards. The purchaser must beware of imitations. Insist on "4711" for the Eau de Cologne, and "Mühlens" is the guarantee for the others. The perfumes may all be had at the dépôt at 62, New Bond Street, and of the chief dealers. The "4711" is a genuine article manufactured at Cologne for upwards of a hundred and ten years. There are many other makes distilled at Cologne, but the green and gold labelled "4711," with its large number in the centre of label, has not been equalled by any other brand. Hence its great popularity. It can be obtained at every first-class shop in this country and throughout the world.

"A nest for rest" is an appropriate name given to the wonderful reclining-chair that is to be obtained at Messrs. Foot and Son, 171, New Bond Street. Seen in one guise, it is a simple easy-chair covered in leather, saddle-back or tapestry to choice; but at a slight touch of a wheel, which can be worked without rising from the chair, the back slopes at any angle, moving gradually at will, from a gentle tilt out of the perpendicular to a complete flat couch. With equal ease it can be made to rise again to any degree desired. For a really nice gift nothing more delightful could be imagined, especially, of course,



ADJUSTABLE CHAIR.—Messrs. Foot and Son.

for a person in delicate health; but the chair is no small luxury for the strong and healthy in hours of rest or study. Those who are lucky enough to be able to come to London to enjoy the Christmas display of the great shops will do well to turn their steps early in the proceedings towards one of the establishments of the Parisian Diamond Company, since there they will



ART SILVER PINCUSHION.—Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

and Webb's is one of the few houses where many 18-carat gold articles are kept in stock, these ranging from sets of spoons, cigarette-cases, and such

tone, but also ranges from pink to yellow and white), rubies, green and yellow chrysoberyls, and jargongs. This attractive and artistic ornament is moderately priced at seventy-five pounds. Enamel bears its part in many other dainty ornaments. Pendants are very much worn, and are represented in many delightful designs at no great cost. Should you wish to buy some quite inexpensive gift, you need not fear to test the stock at this establishment for very pretty gold brooches from something like a guinea, and a large stock of fine pearl brooches for two or three sovereigns. Gold charms for the watch-chain or bracelet begin at a few shillings. For six-and-sixpence to ten-and-sixpence there is quite a choice of these pleasant little trinkets. Gold and pearl pins for the hair are another inexpensive and acceptable present, while for men there are mother-o'-pearl buttons set with precious stones, scarf-rings, dog-whistles, and many other gifts at very moderate prices. Superb diamond and pearl ornaments of every description are ready for choice equally, and should it not be convenient to pay down the price all at once it can be arranged on the *Times* system of instalments.

City men are famous for their ability to obtain good value for their money. Their business instincts are justified by the existence in their midst, at 65, Cheapside, of a house so famous for giving the very best value, with excellence of workmanship, as that of Sir John Bennett and Co. Of course, this name is a household



ENAMEL AND PEARL BROOCH.
Sir John Bennett.

find a large stock of novel and charming little ornaments specially provided for the season. What a pound or two will do at the Parisian Diamond Company's places is perfectly wonderful. Their jewellery is designed with so much taste, and set so exactly like the real and most costly gems, that it seems almost a misnomer to speak of it as "imitation jewellery." This company's manufacture is an art in itself; and although a year or so ago one would not have thought it possible to improve upon the then standard of the Parisian Diamond Company, one is fain to confess this Christmas that their goods are even more beautiful than ever. They keep well up to date, too. A few months ago I was telling you that the latest ornament, the novelty of the moment, is a "La Vallière" pendant. Look now upon the picture annexed hereunto, and you will see "La Vallière" as expressed by the Parisian Diamond Company. Beneath an excellent diamond there hangs a large oval stone, very lightly set, and the whole is placed upon a real platinum chain, so fine as to be almost invisible. The Parisian Diamond Company offer these charming new ornaments in either pearls, or ruby or emerald "doublets." This phrase means that a slice of a fine real gem is taken and applied by the aid of art to a foundation of some artificial substance; thus the original colour is gained from the genuine expensive product of nature, and the depth and cutting from the artificial foundation; the effect is equal to the real stone. Earrings, which are now so generally worn by fashionable women, and so universally becoming, are to be had here in emeralds, rubies, pearls, or diamonds. Then there are a multitude of charming designs in brooches, including the "Marcasite"; and various Louis shapes, full of unexpected and graceful curves in design. These pretty pieces, which any woman could wear with pleasure and without any danger that her neighbours would cry out that she bedecked herself with false jewellery, are all quite inexpensive; so are rings, hat-pins, and other trinkets. Superb necklaces, corsage ornaments, and tiaras are all, however, within the range of the Parisian Diamond Company's stock. There are some delightful little aigrettes set upon combs; turquoise or pearls and diamonds form the favourite combination. Then there are the combs to press into the hair, leaving only the wavy line of light visible where diamonds top the design. The Parisian Diamond Company cordially invite visitors to go in and inspect the stock at their leisure without being urged to purchase, and it is really well worth while. The show-rooms are at 143, Regent Street (nearly opposite the Stereoscopic Company), 85, New Bond Street, and 37, 38, and 43, Burlington Arcade. For those who are not fortunate enough to view the stock in its entirety, there is a fully illustrated catalogue to be had on application, and the Parisian Diamond Company are prepared to send the goods themselves on approval on receiving the usual references.

NOTES AND DRESS.

It is to be hoped that the articles rescued from the recently burned Château d'Eu include, at least, the

portrait that was there of "La Grande Mademoiselle." This interesting Princess, whose life was full of dramatic incident, was at one time the owner of the château. She was the daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans in the seventeenth century, and therefore flourished during those semi-political, semi-religious civil wars in France known as "the Fronde." Queen Henrietta

LA VALLIÈRE PENDANT.

Parisian Diamond Company.

Maria, who was at her native country great Revolution, that "the troubles seem half so serious those in France." French disturbances the end. There though, and during Grande Mademoiselle distinguished herself in than one occasion, storming and taking different one from but the exploit was and it was similarly "off the bat" of the woman warrior herself. "Mademoiselle," invested by her father formally with all his rights, sallied forth, and arrived before the closed gates of Orleans, and demanded admission in the name of the party which she represented. This was refused by the town authorities; whereupon the pretty young Princess made her way to the river-gate and called upon the sturdy and rough boatmen and women to get her admission. Without more ado they battered and hammered at the gate until they had made a hole large enough to push the young lady through; upon which the town authorities surrendered at discretion, and "Mademoiselle" commanded in the city to so much effect as to prevent its being given over, as it would otherwise have been, to the opposite faction. Later on, by her own authority, she got the guns of the Bastille used at a critical moment for the benefit of her party, and a second time saved it from defeat thereby.

It is about her marriage that the most famous and frequently quoted passage in Madame de Sévigné's letters was written—that letter in which she proposes to her correspondent to guess who is going to marry whom. This was the love-match that "La Grande Mademoiselle," who had been considered a suitable wife for Charles II. of England and for her cousin the King of France, desired to make with a nobody, an adventurer, one Lauzun—who, by the way, bore his little share in English history some years later in assisting the family of James II. to escape from England. "Mademoiselle" fought all her friends and relations for permission to marry Lauzun as fiercely as she had struggled in the field for her party during the Fronde. Her reward was the usual one of the woman who gives much in marriage. Her low-born husband treated her with insolence and cruelty. "Henriette de Bourbon, take off my boots!" he was often heard to command. This tragic-comic history had left most of its relics in the Château d'Eu, and if they have been burned, the last visible traces will have disappeared from earth of the strange story of a true Princess of romance.

Christmas-time and New Year is the real "season" for middle-class parties. At the time when "Society" is disporting itself in the heated drawing-rooms of June and July, the girls of humbler but still "comfortable" station are more wisely making gay in the tennis-courts or on bicycle rides, and going to bed in time for beauty-sleep. The mid-winter months are those which the people untrammelled by Fashion's edicts devote to the indoor delights of dancing. The girls with modest dress-allowances are remarkably well provided for at present in the way of the simple sort of party-frocks that they affect by the application of the factory system to the making of this class of dresses. For many years a nice enough and fairly smart ready-made dress for day wear has been available; but the institution of a large choice of ready-made evening frocks dates only to the past three or four seasons. The ever-growing charges of dressmakers for carrying out the ever-increasing elaboration of Fashion's demands has thus met with a natural check. The shops are full of girls' sweet little evening gowns, that require only setting into a band to the size of the waist of the intended wearer to be ready to put on. Sometimes the bodice piece is supplied to be made up to fit; but in consequence of the unabated popularity of the loose blouse front, which will fit any figure sufficiently well, being drawn into the shape under the waistbelt, it is quite possible to have the bodice also made in the factory with fairly satisfactory results.

Very pretty they are, too, many of these little frocks, with one or more lines of lace insertion and multitudinous tucks and frillings. At first they were produced in thin

Japanese silks; but this Christmas they are to be had likewise in Roman satin and in good firm poplin-de-soie, and in any of the light colours suitable for girls' wear. For the mother of many daughters and the owner of an income upon whose limited quantity there are practically unlimited demands, these little gowns are a boon indeed; and I daresay there will be often more genuine fun enjoyed by the wearers of these little ready-made frocks than is gained by the damsels of high degree in the most costly and elaborate confections. Turning, however, to this superior class of evening dress, it is to be noted that more and more elaboration is to be forthcoming in the way of tuckings, flounces, ruchings, gaugings, and bouillonnés; while lace is used lavishly both in the form of flounces and insertions. Point d'esprit net is frequently employed for the foundation, but is so incrusted with lace appliqués, chiffon flowers and leaves, or motifs of rich embroidery, or spangled and many-coloured medallions, as to be transformed into costliness.

Fur is still used upon evening dresses. That pelt which has until this season been relegated to lining our cloaks, and is suddenly promoted to displaying itself before the world, grey squirrel (alias *petit gris*), comes out very well upon white, grey, or yellow chiffon or crêpe-de-Chine evening gowns. One such, a lemon-yellow crêpe-de-Chine, was embroidered with gold sequins formed into narrow points at the waist, gradually widening down to make a broad band of gold all round the skirt a little below the knee; then the skirt showed a flounce of grey squirrel cut out in points, and edged with a deep flouncing of old lace, supported upon a frou-frou of tiny flouncelets of yellow chiffon. In another case, a dress entirely of Irish crochet laid over white chiffon terminated above a band of ermine that footed the whole, the junction softened by a flounce of chiffon attached to the edge of the thick lace and falling partially over the fur. A beautiful gown in eau-de-Nil chiffon was made "three-decker" style, the flounces each narrowly edged with chinchilla, which fur ran up each side of the front so as to leave a flat panel down the centre of the skirt, worked with iridescent paillettes. A style somewhat in favour for evening dresses is this "three-decker" or triple flounce skirt. This looks well made with chiffon of three shades of the same colour, forming the soft flounces, the top one being the lightest in tone. The corseted style of make is favoured for skirts of this kind, the highest flounce being finely gathered or tucked to fit the figure at the waist, where it ends under a little overhanging coat, cut low at the neck, of course. This is preferably of lace, but sometimes of the same chiffon as the skirt, in which event it must be embroidered or trimmed with flowers.

Our fashion illustrations are of an afternoon gown in light cashmere trimmed with narrow lines of velvet and lace yoke; and a velvet smart dress for visiting, with the bodice and sleeves finished with points in novel fashion. The hat worn with this costume is trimmed with one of the pom-poms now so much in vogue.

FILOMENA.



A PRETTY AFTERNOON COSTUME.



A VISITING GOWN IN VELVET AND LACE.



THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION.—THE HOSPITAL AT LAS DURIE: ISOLATION WARDS.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT WEILAND.

The hospital here depicted is under British superintendence. The huts are made of mats and tree branches.



THE PREVENTION OF SMUGGLING ON THE ITALIAN-SWISS FRONTIER: NETS FITTED WITH BELLS.

The bells of this ingenious device are hung upon very delicate springs, and the slightest attempt to tamper with the nets sets up a peal that quickly calls the sentinel from his post.

THE PUNITIVE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE DARWESH KHEL WAZIRIS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A BRITISH COLUMN ATTACKING ONE OF THE TRIBAL WATCH-TOWERS; THE MULE MOUNTAIN BATTERY OF MACHINE-GUNS IN THE FOREGROUND.
It was during an attack upon some rebels isolated in such a watch-tower as that represented above that Captain G. E. White, of the 3rd Sikhs, lost his life on November 17.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA: H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE," WITH THE COLONIAL SECRETARY ON BOARD, LEAVING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR, NOVEMBER 25.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.

Bright sunshine favoured Mr. Chamberlain's departure on his Imperial mission. Just after three o'clock the war-ship cast off from the South Jetty, while the band of Nelson's old flag-ship "Victory" played patriotic airs, and the crews of the war-ships lying in the harbour raised enthusiastic cheers.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Lord Protector. By S. Levett-Yeats. (London: Cassell, 6s.)
Natives of Milton. By R. Murray Gilchrist. (London: Grant Richards, 6d.)
The Life and Love-Letters of a Dwarf. (London: Isbister, 1s. 6d.)
Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. Edited by T. F. Henderson. Four Vols. (London: Blackwood, £2 2s)
In Pursuit of the "Mad" Mullah. By Captain Malcolm McNeill, D.S.O. (London: Pearson, 6s.)
The Housewives of Edenrise. By Florence Popham. (London: Heinemann, 6s.)
The Poetry of Robert Browning. By Stopford A. Brooke. (London: Isbister, 10s. 6d.)
Tales About Temperaments. By John Oliver Hobbes. (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.)

"Let a man but have turfed a little, flung a main or so, killed his man, and run through his estate, I'd wager a thousand to ten he wins his way better with a woman than any Master Graveairs—*par exemple*, my good cousin Antony! Ha! ha! I fancy I've spoiled any trifles of good opinion Doll may have had of him!" When these words are spoken early in a story by its obvious hero or villain, who is dressed in rich Cavalier attire, and the title of the story is "The Lord Protector," we can make a pretty shrewd guess what we are to expect. The heroine's heart is to be torn between King's man and Puritan, and in among the resulting complications the author, greatly daring, intends to bring the august figure of Cromwell himself. Let us hasten to say that this surmise is correct, and that Mr. S. Levett-Yeats in this capital romance acquires himself successfully, as his earlier books have led us to expect. Indeed, his best scenes are those in which the Lord Protector appears. The portrait of Cromwell may be conventional and a little obvious, but it is by no means lacking in strength or finish. Further, it is his intervention in the story of Dorothy Capel's wooers, the Cavalier Harden and the Roundhead Colonel "Black Tony" Maunsell, that gives it its most stirring, and somewhat unexpected, turn. One notes the expert neutrality of the author as between the two great historic parties, whose contest is the groundwork of his romance. He holds the death of Charles to have been a great crime, but that does not prevent him doing justice to the Protector; and it is for Colonel Antony Maunsell that he enlists our sympathies, while Sir Christopher Harden is an exposed villain before he is deservedly killed off. And the mistake is not made of causing the Roundhead rank-and-file to cut too ridiculous figures, though there is some cheapness in giving them such names as Lie-as-a-Bear-in-Wait-for-the-Heathen Mauley and Hew-Agag-and-Deliver-Him-in-Pieces Tutbury.

As a volume of idylls "Natives of Milton" is far above the average. Mr. Murray Gilchrist has just those gifts and qualifications which fit a man for such a task: intimate knowledge of the people, a large comprehension, and an enviable simplicity of language. He has also that passion for detail which gives local colour its proper value, and lends the stamp of individuality to his work. The most common fault of the idyll is the tendency to idealise, to exalt the ordinary virtues of mankind out of measure, and to minimise the grosser elements. We do not think that this failing can be laid to Mr. Gilchrist's charge. When he chooses pathos for his theme, it is not high-flown sentiment, but a fierce human passion that assaults our sympathies. Thus in "Mall's Warm Friend," Mr. Gilchrist is almost brutal in the candour with which the unlovely elements of his story are set forth; and yet the picture of the dying girl and her whilom lover is moving almost past belief. But Mr. Gilchrist holds no brief for gloom: the best part of the volume is comedy, and comedy of a high order. The quaint speech, no doubt, helps the general effect; but such stories as "The Courtship of Mrs. Whitelock" and "A Vain Self-Sacrifice" are full of odd turns and unexpected developments.

In 1837 there died at Durham a quaint little personage known as Count Joseph Boruwlaski, a Polish dwarf, three feet three inches high. He had lived in England more than fifty years, and was reduced to exhibiting himself for a livelihood, until an enterprising tradesman offered him an annuity in return for the proceeds of some subscriptions. It was an unlucky speculation for the tradesman, seeing that the dwarf lived to the age of ninety-eight. He was of good family, one of six children, a brother and a sister being dwarfs like himself. The sister died in girlhood, and was only two feet two inches in height. Boruwlaski was born in a period when dwarfs were the pets of exalted households, like Court fools in an earlier age. A Polish lady of title carried him in her train through Europe, and he was admired by Maria Theresa, King Stanislaus Leckzinski, the Court of Louis XV., and George IV. His intelligence and other personal attractions excited the jealousy of rival dwarfs, one of whom tried to make an end of him by throwing him in the fire. He wrote his memoirs, which include his love-letters, for he was capable of strong affection, and even persuaded a lady of the ordinary dimensions to marry him. There were several children born of this union, but their measurements are not stated. Count Joseph Boruwlaski was a shrewd and lively little gentleman, and vastly superior to Tom Thumb. His memoirs bear curious and pathetic testimony to the sufferings of a cultivated mind in a ridiculously small body.

The editor of the admirable new edition of "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" does well to emphasise the peculiar value which that collection possesses in relation to the literary development of Sir Walter Scott.

Naturally inclined towards romance as he was, his discovery, at the age of thirteen, of Percy's "Reliques," was to Scott the real unlocking of that storehouse of ancient lore which was to yield him so many further treasures; and these, transmuted and wrought upon by a creative imagination peculiarly in sympathy with such material, ultimately resulted in the priceless gift to the world of Scott's own masterpieces in verse and

stories of lion and antelope shooting, but they are told in the vigorous straightforward style which always attracts; and some of the author's adventures with wild beasts serve the additional purpose of illustrating conspicuous traits of Somali character. The well-told story of the recent campaign is what lends the book its real and immediate value. Captain McNeill was decidedly lucky in the part allotted to him. Left, to his great chagrin, in command of the second corps of the native levy to protect a huge mob of camels and the ammunition, while the first corps went in pursuit of the Mullah, it seemed good to that very sagacious leader to try and possess himself of the animals and munitions of war in Captain McNeill's zareba: which endeavour resulted in his complete defeat after two days of hard fighting, most graphically described by the author. In view of the pending operations against the Mullah, this unpretentious book about the nature of the country and the character of the Somali native is peculiarly acceptable.

In "The Housewives of Edenrise" Mrs. Florence Popham has given us a very entertaining picture of life in a remote—and select—suburb of London. She has done this with much skill and discernment, and—this is a rarer quality, where woman writes of sister woman—with genuine kindness. Her smart criticisms carry no sting; she presents the foibles and failings of her characters without robbing them of all lovable qualities, and we repeat that this is, in itself, an achievement. Almost all the people one meets are amusing, and, had Mrs. Welwyn's matrimonial troubles been kept more in the background, the book might have been recommended indiscriminately, for the delectation of old and young alike. Mrs. Welwyn, by the way, was a member of the Shakspere Society, but could not always bring herself to approve the great man's freedom of speech, and entertained the audience as Lady Macbeth by weakly substituting "Out, little spot!" for "Out, damned spot!" Then there is "Toute Moralité," the Swiss governess, who advertised herself as "d'un certain âge et de toute Moralité"; and Aunt Jane, whose view of matrimony is that it was not given for our pleasure, but to chasten us. Her vigour is too much for her own particular spouse, who finds a panacea for all worries in the solitude of his own chamber and "The Vicar of Wakefield." And, finally, there is the child Amabelle, who was taken out to pay a call, and who took advantage of a lull in the conversation to say clearly, "Are they beauty ladies?" Then, having paused for effect, "No; they are not beauty ladies."

Was there ever a poet so much explained as this? In his new and important volume, "The Poetry of Robert Browning," Mr. Stopford Brooke takes up the task yet again and expounds. He begins with the comparison of Browning and Tennyson which might have been expected, but which, for that reason, might have been dispensed with. It is well done, though not far removed from commonplace. But when Mr. Stopford Brooke works on Browning's separate poems—the evolution of "Sordello" or the drama of "The Ring and the Book"—he gives us the result of hard reading and effectual thinking. By the bye, he strangely repeats a blunder made in a rather headlong way by Mrs. Browning when he says, "No sensible person would have asked Browning to change his style, but would have asked him not to exaggerate it." If this sentence had any grammatical construction, which it has not, the nominative for the second clause would be, as for the first, "no sensible person," which is not what the writer intended. Mrs. Browning wrote (and no one seems to have noticed it—her husband includes the poem in his Selections): "None knelt at her feet . . . they knelt more to God." The italics, of course, are ours. Mr. Stopford Brooke's study of "The Treatment of Nature" in the work of Browning is excellent; marred only by the too frequent use of the words "beautiful" and "lovely" for a quoted passage of Browning that has everything except loveliness or beauty. And in his analysis surely he is too optimistic and too much bent on squeezing something good, pitiful, or hopeful out of even Browning's infernal invention, "The Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister." But he is not a fanatical critic. He rebukes some of the dramatic mental action of "In a Balcony," "James Lee's Wife," and "Any Wife to Any Husband," as somewhat false; but, again, he generally assures us that Browning was well aware of the falsity, and presented it as a part of his study. We have noted some blemishes, but the mass of the volume is full of sound thought and good writing.

It is regrettable that Mrs. Craigie in a spirit of sheer compilation should have permitted the republication of the three stories and two short plays which make up "Tales About Temperaments." "Prince Toto" alone may be excepted, for that fantasy for children is in no way unworthy of the author's reputation; but "The Worm That God Prepared," a mere red-handed melodrama, and the other *conte*, are frankly inconsiderable, and we should be glad to forget that Mrs. Craigie ever wrote them. As for the plays, dear bantlings as they are of their creator's, one was slighted on stage-production by ruffians who do not desire "any better acquaintance with souls not immediately conventional." Hence, it is now republished with a protesting preface. It is not difficult to believe that the choosing of a suitable title for the book was, as the author confesses, a work of some difficulty, but the solution was found in the blessed word which explains so much and excuses so much in our complex civilisation. Truly it is a delicate plant, this "temperament" which nowadays affords a sovereign balm for the wrongs done to choice spirits by that outworn convention, the moral law.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

REPRODUCED, BY PERMISSION, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR WILLIAM AILAN, IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. BLACKWOOD PORTER. Published for the first time in Messrs. Blackwood's new edition of "The Border Minstrelsy."

prose. The "Reliques" first made him a collector of old ballads, and from his labours, Mr. Henderson says, "He gained a rare familiarity with the romantic aspects of antiquity; and in the case especially of his Scottish romances, he was in a peculiar sense master of his theme before he thought of putting pen to paper." There, indeed, in a nutshell, is the secret of Scott's power. His minor successors, Stevenson not excepted, betray the special course of reading by which the subject has been "got up." Not so Sir Walter. His knowledge was already part of himself. This portion of the Introduction is more valuable than the ensuing discussion of the origin of



"THE LITTLE VULGAR BOY."

REPRODUCED FROM "THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS," BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER, MR. JOHN LANE.

This admirable edition of the famous humorous classic has been illustrated with an appropriately fantastic touch by Mr. Herbert Cole. The price of the book is 6s.

ballad literature, a question which must ever begin and end in mist—Scotch or otherwise.

Captain McNeill contrived to combine with "Pursuit of the 'Mad' Mullah" in 1901 no small amount of sport; and his book, which appears at a moment when Somalia bulk larger in the public eye than is its wont, is a distinctly welcome contribution to our stock of knowledge concerning the country. There is nothing very new in the

THE RISING IN MOROCCO: SCENES AT TETUAN, TANGIER, AND MOGADOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. AMBROSE HEAL, JUN.



THE CITY GATE, TETUAN.

A BUTCHER'S SHOP IN TETUAN.

UNLOADING CARGO AT TANGIER.

TETUAN FROM THE ROAD.

A STREET IN TETUAN WITH THE MOSQUE TOWER IN THE DISTANCE.

A SCENE IN MOGADOR.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A few days ago the daily journals chronicled the fact that an immense take of herrings had been made at Yarmouth. There was what has been popularly styled a "glut" in these fishes. Boat after boat came to shore laden to the gunwale with the harvest of the sea, and the produce thus obtained must have represented many tons in weight, as it certainly represented a money value running into thousands of pounds. "Gluts" of this kind are not uncommon in the history of the fishing trade. Occasionally huge catches of mackerel are reported. Then we read of immense takes of pilchards; the herring, however, proving perhaps the most frequent example of a fish that is taken literally by the million at times. Such occurrences are highly interesting both to the naturalist and to the fisherman. To the latter they suggest problems that remain to be solved regarding the ways of fish-life. To the naturalist they present a similar phase, if also the zoologist's reflections may extend beyond the mere application of knowledge to guide the fisherman in his search after the sea's abundant progeny.

There has been much investigation made of late years by experts connected with Fishery Boards into the development and life history of our food-fishes, and much information of valuable kind has been acquired concerning their breeding-places and habits, and likewise regarding the conditions which make for or against successful propagation. Thus the history of the sole, flounder, and neighbour flat-fishes has been worked out, while the habits of other fishes have been similarly investigated. That, however, which lies beyond mere details of egg-development is the story of fish-distribution. For example, under what conditions, it may be asked, are huge shoals of herrings developed, when at other times and seasons there is a decided scarcity witnessed? Doubtless we may be referred to conditions such as temperature, food, and allied phases, by way of explaining how in one season the fishery is over-abundant, while at another it scarcely pays. We want exact knowledge of such conditions, and no doubt the gaps in fish-history will be duly filled up.

Meanwhile, we cannot fail to be struck by these great shoals of fishes as a mere fact of natural history science. It would almost seem as if they represented a certain point in a cycle of development which included in its scope alike the minimum and the maximum of fertility. The interesting point would be the demonstration of the existence of such a cycle, and of its probable duration or period. Such information would undoubtedly give to fishermen a coign of vantage in dealing with their quest. It would amount simply to a better knowledge of the circumstances of fish life; and the work of experts may be trusted to elucidate in time the conditions of such recurring cycles, if, indeed, they have any existence at all.

The wider scientific question of the relative fertility of animals and plants will always form an attractive subject to the biologist. He sees many and wide variations in respect of the numbers propagated by different species. Fishes stand at the head of things here, being excelled possibly only by the plant-lice or aphides which infest plants, by certain parasites, and by microbes that multiply into millions in a few hours. The ova or eggs of fishes are produced in many thousands by each individual mother-fish in most cases. Clearly, as was pointed out by Darwin, if every egg came to maturity, and if in turn each individual fish again produced its huge quota of ova, the oceans of the globe would be filled at no distant date with the progeny of a single pair. But, in the ways of nature, many causes are perpetually operating to save the world from this problem or risk of over-fertility.

There is first the enormous risk which the eggs run of disaster in the early stages of their life. Apart from the destruction, say, of parent fishes, with their contained eggs, we have to reckon with countless chances of death from unfavourable conditions—cold, and from the like, from the attack of many enemies that are greedy of fish-eggs. How many ova are thus destroyed it would be hard to say, but we may be safe in reckoning with the larger part by far of the produce of each individual fish. It must be so, because, were the case otherwise, we should be much better provided with fish than we are. What happens when we find our huge "gluts" of herrings and the like is a fortunate series of conditions that increases the population to an unwonted extent. The only other explanation must be that of assuming a migration to our coasts of an immense population that habitually dwells elsewhere. I do not imagine that this latter supposition will be entertained as an adequate theory of the fisherman's luck.

There are occasions when the prolific bent of Dame Nature may cause much anxiety and loss to man. Field-mice appear now and then to be propagated in numbers that are excessive, and the damage they effect in crops is, of course, very great. The rabbit pest in Australia forms another example of the same fact. It is alleged that the recent demand for rabbit fur has caused a thinning of the numbers, but these are too great to be much affected in this way. It has been proposed to kill off the female rabbits, and thus to limit the propagation of the species, a plan said to work effectively in at least one locality for the diminution of the pest. Darwin, taking matters in hand, long ago reminded the world that animals and plants tend to outgrow the means of subsistence, and that checks to infinite increase were supplied by nature, as we have seen. The balance of power is thus fairly well sustained, all things considered. The fat years alternate with the lean ones in a manner that possibly works out as satisfactorily as we might wish. What we desire, no doubt, is a more frequent increase in our food-products, but when a "glut" arrives, we scarcely seem to know how best to utilise them.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to *Chess Editor*.
DORMANS (East Grinstead).—The solution of the position you send is Q to Kt 8th. In No. 3011 the rectification required more than you suggest. In No. 3050 the effect of removing a Black Knight at Q R sq was to prevent second solution by R to R sq, not R to K 8th, as you say.
G C B (Surbiton).—The declaration of choice must be made immediately the Pawn is promoted to its right square.
C W (Sunbury), H D O'BERNARD, W FINLAYSON, H M PRIDEAUX, T P TAYLOR, H E KIDSON, F HEALEY, and C W W SUMNER.—Your problems are respectively marked for insertion in due course.
A C CHALLENGER.—We are much obliged for your letter. Mr. Wynne's problem shall have immediate attention.

W E BRANDRETH.—Yes.

G STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON (Cobham).—It has not been overlooked, but we are crowded up. It shall appear shortly.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3049 and 3050 received from Shina Bax (Indore) and Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of Nos. 3051 and 3052 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3053 from Albert Wolff (Putney), Emile Frau, G C B, and F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells); of No. 3054 from R. Watson (Ballinskelligs), Joseph Cook, F J Candy, Otto (Berlin), J D Tucker (Ilkley), J Nelson (Glossop), Emile Frau (Lyons), T F Wilkinson (Reepham-by-Lincoln), Mary Moor (Folkestone), A E Wedekind (Freiburg), Albert Wolff, W E G (Dormans), Charles H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), W A Lilllico (Edinburgh), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), D B R (Oban), W J Moran (Isle of Man), and Thomas M Eglington (Handsworth).

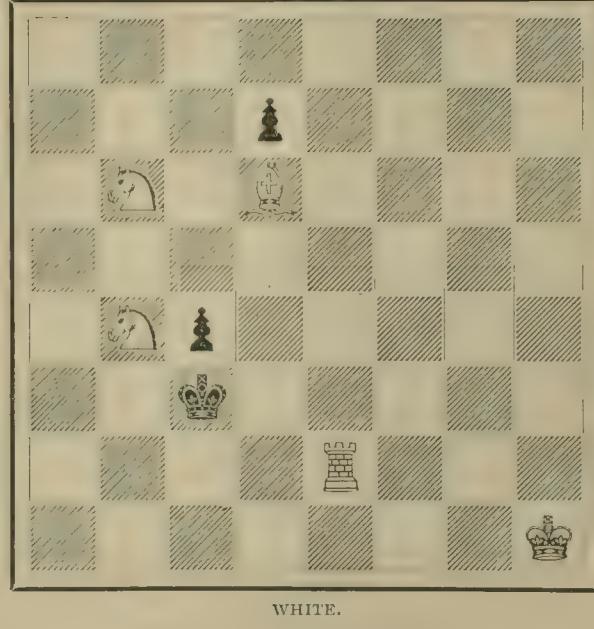
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3055 received from A G Bagot (Dublin), J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), Reginald Gordon, Clement C Danby, Albert Wolff, W E Brandreth (Aston-on-Ribble), W H Bohn (Ryde), Shadforth, E Fear Hill (Trowbridge), H Le Jeune, Old Chap (Vienna), W A Lilllico (Edinburgh), Martin F, J D Tucker (Ilkley), M V Fitz-Gerald (Bagnalstown), H S Brandreth (Biarritz), W D Easton (Sunderland), W E G (Dormans), G Bakker (Rotterdam), J W (Campsie), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), F J S (Hampstead), Sorrento, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Edward Young (Highgate), T Roberts, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), A Belcher (Wycombe), and R Worts (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3054.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to K sq	Any move
2. Mates.	

PROBLEM NO. 3057.—By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. A. E. MERCER and W. T. MARSHALL.
(Scotch Game.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. Mercer).	(Mr. Marshall).	(Mr. Mercer).	(Mr. Marshall).

1. P to K 4th P to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th P takes P
4. Kt takes P Kt to B 3rd
5. Kt takes Kt Kt takes Kt
6. B to Q 3rd P to Q 4th
7. Q to K 2nd

A point at which White often gets into difficulties. There is no real objection to P to K 5th, which forces Black's movements, seeing that his Knight is on *prise*.

7. P takes P B to K 2nd

Again P to K 5th is good enough. There is no reason for reuniting Black's Pawns.

8. P takes P P takes P
9. Kt to Q B 3rd Castles
10. Castles P to B 3rd
11. B to K B 4th B to Kt 5th
12. Q to Q 2nd B to Kt 5th
13. B to K 5th Kt to Q 2nd

P to Q 5th is unsound, as White would reply 14. B takes P; and if Q takes B,

15. B takes P (ch) wins. But now Black gives a chance, as will be seen.

14. Q to K B 4th

B takes Kt P is best. Then if K takes B, 15. Q to B 4th, B takes Kt; 16. Q takes B (ch), etc. White must thus regain his piece with some advantage.

14. Q takes Kt Kt takes B
15. Q to Q 4th P to K 3rd
16. Q to Q 4th P to K B 4th
17. P to K B 4th R to B 3rd
18. P to K 3rd Q to K B sq
19. K to R sq

Black threatened to win with R to B 4th. The proper reply is Kt to R 4th.

19. P to R 4th B to Q B 4th
20. Q to R 4th Q to Q 3rd
21. Q R to K sq R to R 3rd
22. Kt to K 2nd B takes P
23. P takes B R takes P (ch)
24. K to Kt 7th (ch) K to R sq
25. Kt takes R P takes Kt
26. R to Kt 2nd Q to Kt sq
27. R to Q 2nd P to Q 4th
28. P takes P B P takes P
29. P to R 3rd R to B 3rd
30. Q to K 3rd B to Kt 5th
31. R to Q 3rd Q to B 2nd
32. R to Q 2nd Q to B 5th
33. K to Kt 2nd B to K 4th
34. P to B 3rd B to K 5th
35. R to Q B sq P to K 4th
36. Q to K 2nd P to K 3rd
37. P to B 4th P to K R 4th
38. Q to Q sq P to Q 5th
39. Q to K 2nd R to K sq
40. P to Kt 5th Q to Kt 2nd
41. K to R 2nd B to B 6th
42. Q to K sq Q to Kt 3rd
43. Q to B sq P to K 5th
44. P to B 5th Q to K 3rd (ch)
45. R takes Q P to K 6th
46. R takes Q P to K 7th
47. R (Q 2) takes P P to K 7th
48. R to B sq P to K 8th (a Q)
49. R takes Q R takes K
50. R to K 8th (ch) K to R 2nd
51. R to K 7th Resigns.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. E. LASKER and J. W. SHOWALTER.
(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. L.)	(Mr. S.)	(Mr. L.)	(Mr. S.)

1. P to K 4th P to Q B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th P takes P
4. Kt takes B P to Kt 3rd
5. B to K 3rd B to Kt 2nd
6. Kt to Q B 3rd P to Q 3rd

It may be noticed that in this defence (4. P to Kt 3rd) the King's Pawn is not moved for a long time. Otherwise, Black's centre is soon attacked.

7. B to K 2nd Kt to B 3rd
8. P to B 4th

To prevent Kt to K 4th, and, after Castling, P to B 5th becomes dangerous.

8. Castles
9. Kt to Kt 3rd B to Q 2nd
10. P to Kt 4th Kt to Q 4th
11. P to Kt 5th Kt to K 5th
12. P to K R 4th B to B 2nd

Preventing P to R 5th for the time at least.

13. B to Q 4th Kt to B 5th
14. B takes Kt R takes B
15. Q to Q 3rd R to B 2nd

It is rather surprising that White did not now play P to R 5th instead of Castling. It would have opened the file, and rendered Black's position serious. After Black's reply, B to Kt 5th, he strengthens his game, and a long and interesting struggle ensues.

16. Castles Q R

White must win either K. B P or O. R. P., and either loss is fatal to Black, as White's united Pawns are too powerful to be resisted.

A BLACK FISHING.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when posset.—GRAY.

It was late November, and the last red remnants of the summer's garment fluttered ragged and tarnished at the tips of the leafless twigs. The fallen beech-leaves scampered along the highway or clustered in sheltered hollows, crisp and rustling above, but sodden and rotting below. Winter was coming; and the bleached fields and the bare trees and the hard grey sky were his heralds. Yet the river was sparkling and clear, with almost a summer's clearness. The rains of October had long since been drawn to the sea, and every pebble could be counted in the crystal depths of the stiller pools. And there, at the corner of the stubble-field, you could see a brace of salmon preparing their domestic *ménage*. I brought the Doctor—a keen sportsman—to see the sight; and leaning against the wire fence, we could discern them at work upon the redds.

"Good fish, both of them, and by no means long in the water. Some farm-servant will make a kipper of them before many days."

"Is that often done?"

"Oh, yes! Few that come up here ever reach the salt water again. You see, a small stream like this is not worth the expense of watching; the men catch a glimpse of them in the river-bed, note the spot, and after dusk when the day's work is over, the deed can be done in a few moments with a lantern and a gaff; the fish is split and salted by to-morrow morning and a good supply of toothsome provender is thus laid up for the winter."

"It must be exciting sport?"

"Well! There is excitement in it, but not for them; they are too eager for the bag, too anxious to get the business expeditiously done and ended, to have time for the development of the sporting instincts; besides, it is rather a cold job, and when your fingers are benumbed and your teeth chattering there is not much room for romance."

"Would you be horrified if I suggested that we might try that lantern to-night?"

"Well, it is illegal, and you run a certain risk of being caught and fined, but if you are keen to try your hand with my old leister, I am willing to hold the light and guide your aim. For once only, remember, and never again!"

So it was settled. I had never broken the law before, and I did not feel particularly comfortable at thus defying the powers that be; but at nineteen one is less scrupulous than your wise man of forty, and the situation was decidedly tempting. A little sport, a new experience, a fresh human pleasure will prompt you to "snatch a fearful joy," and to grasp at the forbidden. In this case nobody was likely to be a penny the worse, so the unquiet prickings of a not too callous conscience were stopped.

Just after dark the Doctor's lantern was surreptitiously smuggled in from the stable; his old leister was taken down from its secure perch on his lobby wall, and sharpened up for immediate use. We closed the door quietly, and stepped out into the darkness. To avoid the risk of a chance encounter on the main road, we left the turnpike and crossed a series of fields, making a bee-line straight for the bend where the water eats into the overhanging bank. Through grass-fields already hoary with frost, across turnip-drills all dripping with dew, over clayey furrows recently ploughed, where the "going" is heavy and exhausting, over barbed-wire fences, difficult to negotiate at all times, and all but impracticable in the dark without great detriment to your nether garments; through all this we went, and at last, every obstacle being satisfactorily overcome, we are on the sloping bank and ready for business.

I button my coat for a freer play of the arms, make a few imaginary passes with my deadly trident, and the Doctor is just about to slide back the lantern-lid, when a passing trap on the opposite roadway gives us pause; but the clatter of the horse's hoofs soon dies away in the distance, and the Doctor is straightway playing his miniature searchlight on the restless surface of the water. "Now, be ready to strike straight when you judge the fish is within striking distance; beware of striking too hard, for you may lose your balance and gain a bath. The water is rather cold at this season."

Sage advice, no doubt; but there are moments when the most sapient counsel is apt to be disregarded.

"There comes a fish!" and right in the track of the lantern's rays, floating silently near the surface, and craning forward towards the gleam, is a dimly defined ovate shape with a sharp blue nose and two sparkling eyes that focus the light. Now is the time; and poising my lethal weapon steadily for a second or two, I strike home. There is a sudden swerve of the lordly fish; I feel my centre of gravity thrown forward and beyond my control, and the next moment, with a loud splash and an involuntary gasping "gosh," I am in three feet of ice-cold water. The leister slips from my hand, my water-logged garments seem to have the weight of lead, and I feel as if being dragged to my death; but with a desperate effort I struggle to my feet, and with a few wild and spasmodic plunges emerge gasping on the shallow shingle of the opposite bank, and effect an inglorious landing. The still night air resounds to the Doctor's inextinguishable laughter as he bathes me from head to foot in his mobile rays. A sorry figure I must look—teeth chattering, limbs trembling, garments dripping; yet the irritation of his jubilant guffaws is the most intolerable of my woes.

"Cease your noise, and tell me how I am to cross."

"The nearest bridge is half a mile down; you had better wade back at the ford round by the big stone. You are as wet already as you are likely to be." Making a virtue of necessity, I splashed over a shallow place, and in an hour's time I was seated comfortably at the surgery fire in a complete change of raiment, with a steaming tumbler at my elbow, but with my normal equanimity not quite re-established. A huskiness about the throat and a certain suffusion of moisture about the eyes made me congratulate myself on being under a medical roof, and secure of careful tendance. But the Doctor's chaff was irritating, and his spasmodic fits of laughter were a bar to rational conversation.

FAMOUS OPINIONS OF FAMOUS CONTEMPORARIES UPON A QUESTION OF THE DAY.



Window & Grove.

Lord Methuen, the gallant soldier, has undoubtedly won the affection and confidence of the men who served under him in the trying hardships of war, and is surely one of the most chivalrous, and at the same time popular figures among the generals who have fought the country's battles.

Lord Methuen writes: *I find Odol an "excellent" mixture for the teeth.*



Lafayette.

For a quarter of a century and more Miss Ellen Terry has received the homage of the stage as the Queen of the theatrical profession.

Miss Ellen Terry writes: *After the splendid testimonial Odol has received from the Roy. I.O.P.H. no praise of mine can be of any use, I fear. I may, however, tell you I find it so excellent that I have just ordered more of it, and shall use it constantly.*



Window & Grove.

Though Miss Annie Hughes plays the demurely innocent girl with infinite skill, there is always a suggestion of considerable knowledge behind that demureness. In private life, too, Miss Hughes gets to know of things before other people, as her letter with regard to Odol proves.

Miss Annie Hughes writes: *Odol is a mouth-wash I always use, and have used for several years.*



The most difficult woman in the theatrical world to approach is undoubtedly Signora Duse, who resolutely denies herself to the enterprising reporter. The great Italian Actress has just recovered from her recent severe illness, and is now acting in the United States.

Before leaving Rome for her tour, Madame Eleonora Duse wrote: *Odol is excellent, and I myself use it daily.*



The most accomplished stage representative of "the gentleman's gentleman" is Mr. Weedon Grossmith, who is at present the hero of "The Night of the Party."

Mr. Weedon Grossmith writes: *"After taking Odol I ask myself what I have done all these years without it. It seems to give one a new mouth every day."*



Window & Grove.

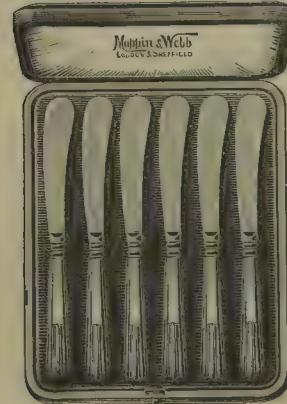
"The Girl from Kay's" has gained what "A Country Girl" has lost, for Miss Ethel Irving's charming personality and clever acting, singing, and dancing have been transferred from the one to the other. Happily, however, though the actress has changed the name of her character, she has not changed any of the characteristics which have made her so popular.

Miss Ethel Irving writes: *I have given Odol a trial, and am pleased to be able to state that I find it all you recommend it to be. I am glad to have had it brought to my notice, and shall certainly continue to use it.*

Chairman, J. NEWTON MAPPIN.
Mappin & Webb

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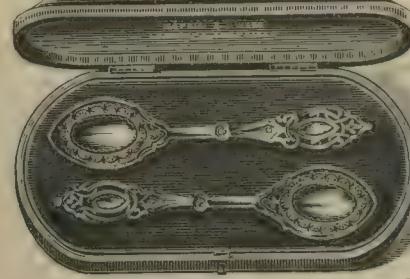
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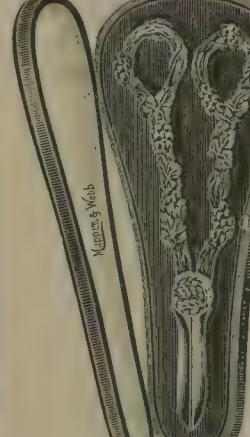


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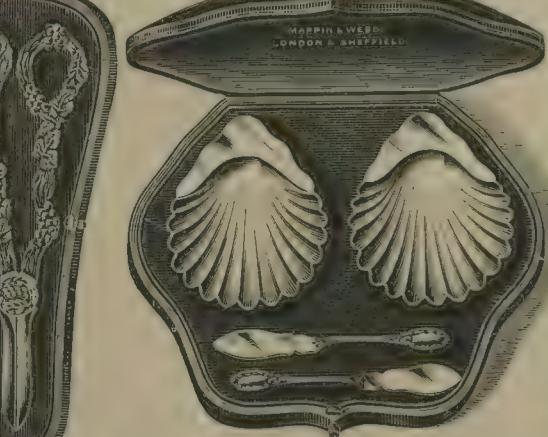


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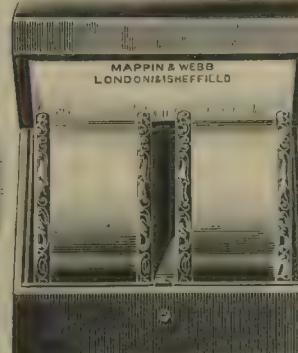
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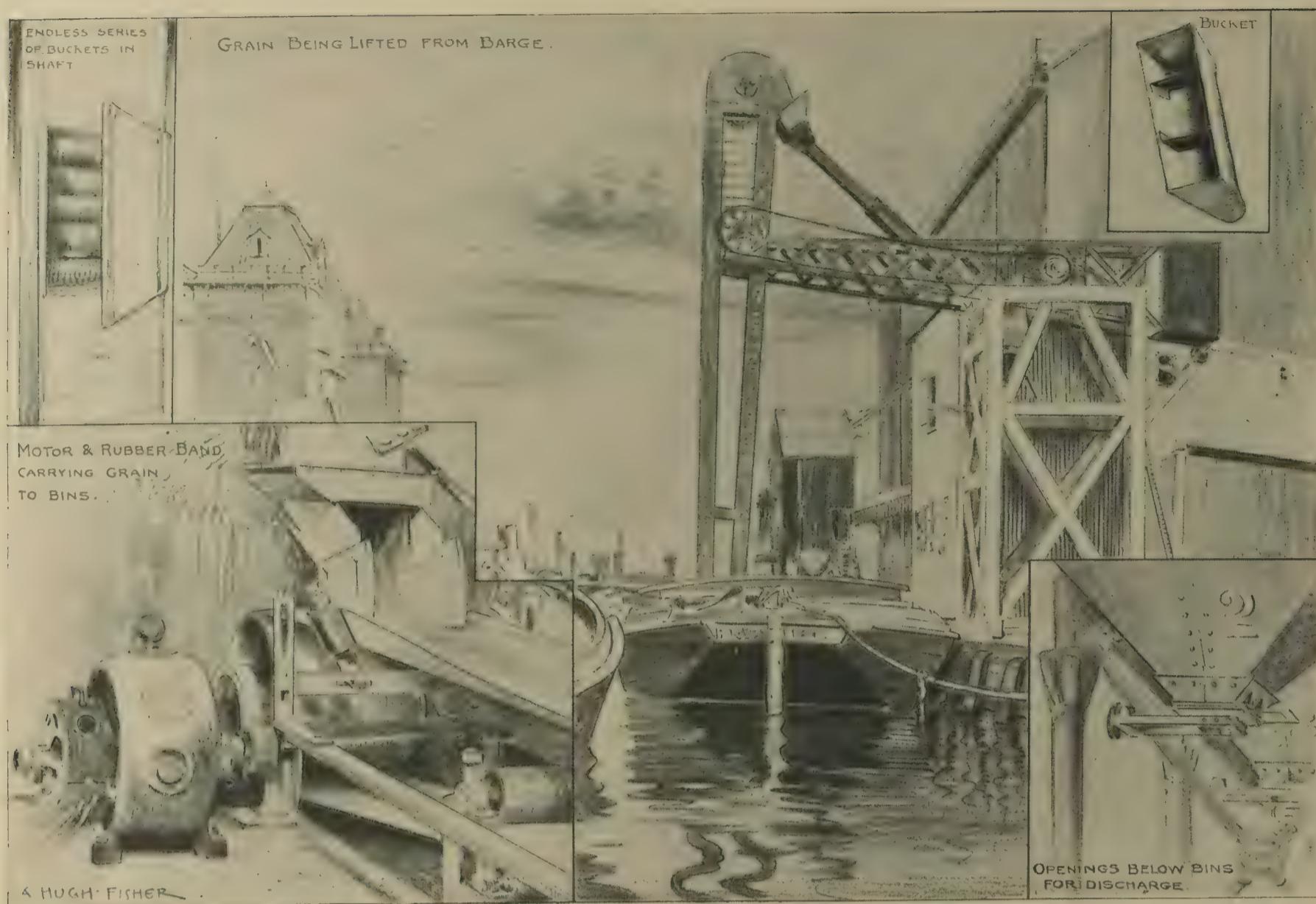
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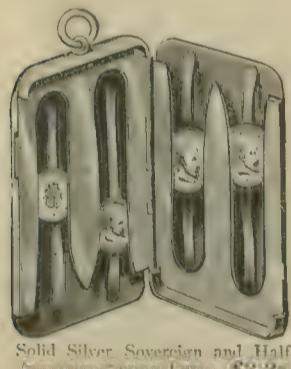


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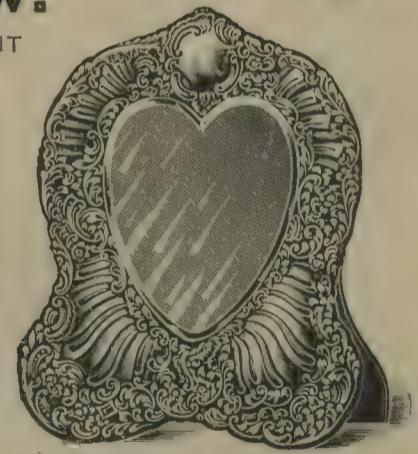
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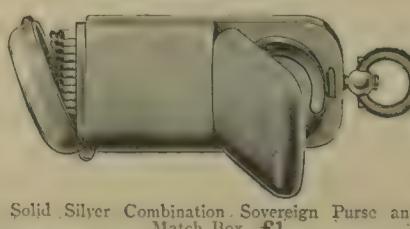
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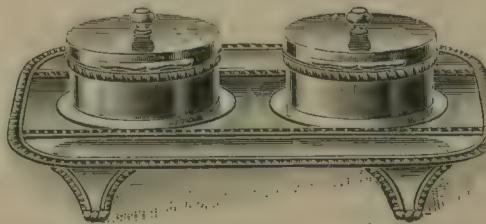
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"BANG GOES SAXPENCE."

HOGARTH.

The large book on "William Hogarth," devised with much splendour of publishing form by Mr. Heinemann, introduced by Sir Walter Armstrong, and written by Mr. Austin Dobson (a poet and observer, made in the eighteenth century, though born in the nineteenth and now illustrating the twentieth) adds another volume to a

also "The Rake's"; and the formula of "art for art's sake" was not in him. To himself, as to Walpole and Fielding, he was the "graphic moralist." The lapse of a century and a half has made a twofold difference. The interest of the subject has waned; and, in inverse ratio, the interest of the handicraft has increased. Historically, the good faith of caricature is now much in the balance. It presents a partial view at best, and it places before

scorned conventionalism," says Mr. Austin Dobson, "and copied human nature, hard-hearted, unrepentant, incorrigible. In his experience, harlots were harlots to the end of the chapter—and after. There were no Magdalens among them." Then if Hogarth did so see the world, he saw it with severer eyes than any moralist has ever yet turned on it; and it is in the studio and not in the sacristy that the world must face its



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THE RISING IN MOROCCO: SCENES IN TANGIER AND CASABLANCA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. AMBROSE HEAL, JUN.

remarkable series, and may be said to put forward in all ways weightily the plea for Hogarth the painter as apart from Hogarth the satirist, or the moralist, or the cynic dub this censor of the follies of the moment as you will. Perhaps Hogarth himself was in part responsible for the public tendency to think first of his subjects, and secondly of his methods. He liked to speak of himself as the "author," rather than as the painter, of "Marriage à la Mode," "The Harlot's Progress,"

the eyes the exceptional as if it were the normal. Has caricature brought any strayed human creature back to bounds? The answer, if affirmative, can be made only with hesitations and reservations. Indeed, there are moments when the censor of the pencil seems to have so much revelry in the devilry he is portraying that one may imagine him lamenting the conversions that deprived him of further exercise of his powers, a Caesar with no more worlds to conquer. "Hogarth

implacable accuser, and find there the disbeliever in mixed motives of good at the very heart of evil. It is the old story. Brush the Sentimentalist aside, but you will not get in the Realist a more trustworthy guide. Each looks for what he wishes to see—and sees it. Each selects his environment, and in that choice, not in any details of the presentation of it, lies the point of honour.

It is precisely because the word "realism" has been stripped of its surface sincerities, and the word

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"convention" of some of its alienation from nature, that the painted "moralities" of Hogarth make little or no appeal to the conscience, and will not pass muster as serious social history. So far as they are literature—as they were "written" rather than painted—they are curiosities of literature, and no more. If Mr. Austin Dobson does not give full recognition to this fact, we can make allowance for the partiality which an author feels for his subject; and we can have no serious quarrel with him on that score, since the saving fact that Hogarth was a great artist, whatever he was as an "author," is proclaimed on every handsome page of this great volume, in the letterpress alike of Sir Walter Armstrong and of Mr. Dobson, and above all in the generous allowance of photogravure plates and the reproduction of drawings in facsimile. Not for all their ingenuity, nor for the hundred and one minor curiosities they awaken, will "The Industrious Apprentice," or "The Lady's Last Stake," or "Gin Lane," or the two "Progresses" already named, rivet the eye; but rather "Peg Woffington," and "Hogarth's Sister," and "Lavinia Fenton," and the portrait of Lord Lovat, in which the caricaturist in him proved an amazing power of self-restraint; and, above all, the delectable "Shrimp Girl," to which, in the original painting, the visitor to the National Gallery recurs again and again as a chief glory of the British school. Fine engravings of all these, and many others, might better, perhaps, have been given in portfolio than in book form; the more so as Mr. Dobson's matter is a reprint, and as the catalogue of the artist's works would be better suited to a book of handy reference.

THE GAME OF SALTA.

There can be no doubt that "Salta" is one of the best games that have been invented for many years. This opinion is confirmed by the leading Court journals. The greatest charm is that it is absolutely simple; it is most fascinating to young and old, and promises to become one of the chief attractions of the coming winter evenings. Among the noted players of the game are the German Emperor and Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who, when travelling, is never without her "Salta" board.

Since last winter a charming addition has been made in the form of new rules, called "Leap-frog Salta." This is purely a game of chance, and no doubt welcome to players who want to pass a pleasant hour and are fond of excitement, and is especially suited to young people.



SARAH BERNHARDT PLAYING HER FAVOURITE GAME "SALTA" WITH THE INVENTOR.

Hogarth came from a Westmoreland family, who once wrote their name Hoggard, and who were tenants of Shap Abbey at the time of the dissolution. The painter's father came to London school-mastering, scribbling, and proof-reading; and according to the register of births at Great St. Bartholomew's, West Smithfield, "in Barth' Closte, next doore to Mr. Downinge's the Printer's, November ye 10th, 1697," William was born, and was baptized a few days later in the octagonal font still standing in the church. As time went on, the future painter discovered that his father's pen, "like that of many other authors, did not enable him to do more than put me in the way of shifting for myself." Then comes an allusion to the providential "neighbouring painter" and the "acquaintance of the same turn." The well-known facts follow the apprenticeship to the silver-plate engraver in Cranbourne Street, and then the employment as an engraver of copper plates, a craft which represented the summit of his ambition at the age of twenty. "So good a draughtsman and so fertile a composer could not fail of a quick appreciation from that alert race—the booksellers. Reputation and money came to him; not so quickly, however, as to make him a welcome candidate for the honours of son-in-law to Sir James Thornhill—hence an elopement. Reconciliations came, and the fuller fame which must have satisfied Hogarth's ambition if it did not bring him a very ample fortune. His pictures had their price, though it was a small one in comparison with that which they now fetch. "The Bathos" was his last work, and his deathbed was cheered by his receipt of "an agreeable letter from the American Dr. Franklin." He died in

October 1764 and was buried in Chiswick Churchyard, where his monument holds an epitaph from the pen of Garrick, beginning, "Farewell, great painter of mankind," and dilating on his "pictur'd morals." Great painter assuredly, and producer of pictures to be appreciated now not by the moralist so much as by the connoisseur in the craft that is itself a thing so good that it needs no didactic accident to trick it into the catalogue of the great and excellent possessions of men.

The Christmas Number of *The Sketch*, which will be published on Dec. 1, contains stories and pictures by many well-known authors and artists. Amongst the former must be mentioned Katharine Tynan, who contributes "The Spanish Sword," Harold Begbie, Keble Howard, E. F. Spence, and Emeric Hulme-Beaman; amongst the latter, Phil May, John Hassall, Dudley Hardy, Louis Wain, Tom Browne, Oscar Wilson, and Ralph Cleaver. In addition to twelve pages in colours, there is given away an admirable coloured plate, entitled "His Fortune." Altogether, the issue promises to be one of the brightest numbers upon the bookstalls. Its price is one shilling.

With No. 1 of the *African World*, which has just been issued, is presented a plate entitled "Modern Rulers of Africa," and including portraits of King Edward, the German Emperor, and the King of Portugal. All who are interested in Africa, and particularly in Africa as a commercial centre, will much appreciate this addition to the already numerous "class" papers.

This charming Society game is made from £1 up to £25, and can be had of the leading toy and fancy stores, amongst others of the following London firms: Aldis, Buckingham Palace Road; Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street; John Barker and Company, Limited, Kensington High Street; Civil Service Stores, Haymarket, Strand, and Queen Victoria Street; D. Evans and Company, Limited, Oxford Street; Gamage, Limited, Holborn; Hamley's, Holborn and Regent Street; W. Hanney, Westbourne Grove; Harrods' Stores, Brompton Road; Junior Army and Navy Stores, Regent Street; C. Morrel, Oxford Street and Burlington Arcade; W. Owen, Westbourne Grove; Parkins and Gatto, Oxford Street; Shoolbred and Sons, Tottenham Court Road; W. Whiteley, Westbourne Grove; or can be obtained through any stationer.

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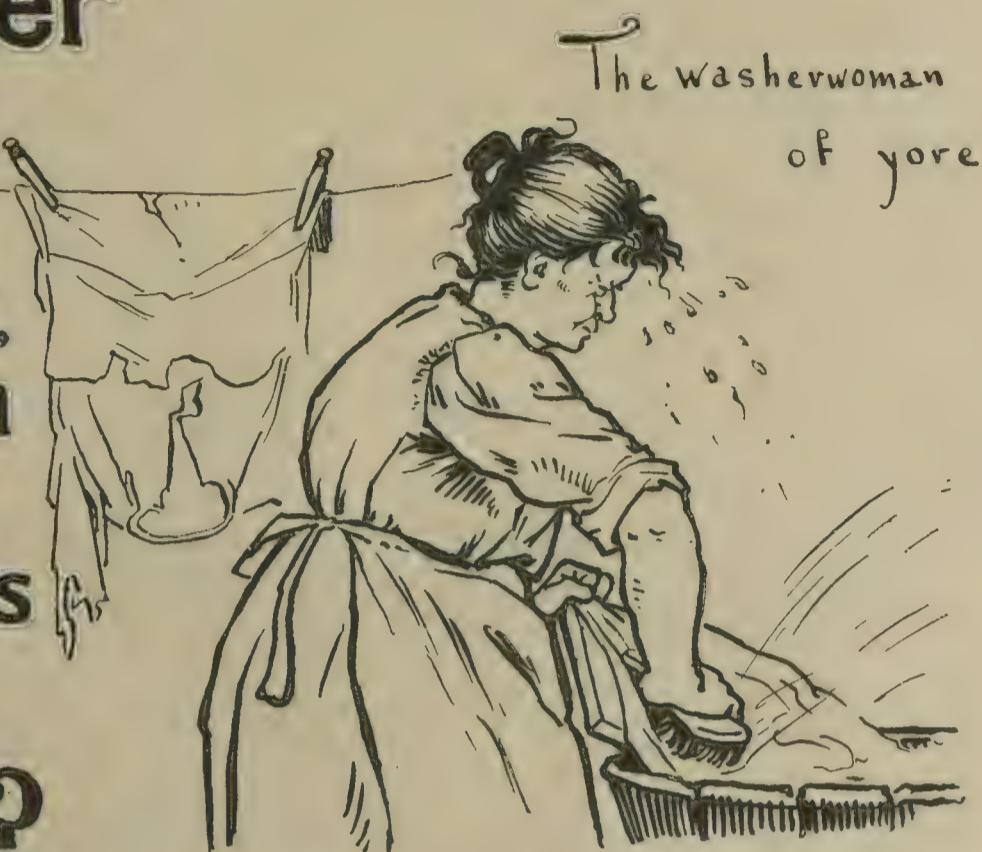
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MUSIC.

On Thursday, Nov. 20, Madame Adelina Patti gave a grand evening concert at the Albert Hall, at which she sang "Gondoliera," a new song by Henri Hertz, with a violin obbligato by Miss Isabel Watts. Madame Patti absolutely defies time; her voice was as beautiful as ever, and grew clearer and more under control as the concert progressed. Except an occasional slight effort in her very highest notes, there is nothing to mark the passing of years. Her finish is extraordinary, and the brilliance of execution gives many points to younger and less hard-working vocalists. Madame Patti, accompanied by Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, sang also the Cavatina of Donizetti, "O Luce di quest' anima," the Jewel Song from "Faust," and, as encores, the ever-welcome "Comin' Through the Rye" and "Home, Sweet Home."

Herr Földesy gave a violoncello recital at the St. James's Hall on Friday, Nov. 21, in which a suite of Victor Benham, scored for the piano and violoncello, was heard for the first time in London. It has a most ungrateful part written for the 'cello, and Herr Földesy did not seem to have studied it very seriously. In

the last movement he came in much before his time, and had to make a fresh start. During the concert Mr. Benham was taken ill, and his place was competently filled by Mr. Adolph Mann, who played charmingly the Fire Music from "Die Walküre."

The Meiningen Orchestra ended their series of concerts at the St. James's Hall on the evening of Nov. 21, and had a great reception from the crowded hall. The conductor of the orchestra, Herr Fritz Steinbach, had a special ovation. It certainly is an extremely good orchestra, but it is not invidious to say that we have a better one of national growth at the Queen's Hall. Still, there is a finish and delicacy of expression about it, and the conductor is quite at one with it in his control. Brahms is the favourite composer, and on this evening two compositions of his were given: the Symphony No. 4 in E minor, and as the clever programme-writer, Mr. Donald Tovey, rightly says, the amazingly brilliant work, Variations on a Theme by Haydn, the Chorale S. Antoni, scored for the orchestra.

At the Queen's Hall on Saturday, Nov. 22, the orchestra was put under the baton of Dr. Elgar, not only

for his celebrated "Coronation Ode," but for the entire performance. He was by no means a bad conductor, but he was not quite so happy in all the items as in his own composition; nor is this to be wondered at, for conducting is a special and distinct art, quite apart from musical knowledge. The solo part in the pianoforte concerto of Grieg was played beautifully by M. Arthur de Groot. A welcome item was the love scene from the opera "Feuersnot" of Richard Strauss, as was also the novelty of the afternoon, some tone pictures (five in number) of Humperdinck from the incidental music composed for "The Sleeping Beauty." The vocalist was Fräulein Therese Behr, who sang arias from Giordani and Beethoven.

M. I. H.

Among the comparatively few novelties at the Stanley and National Cycle Shows, a three-speed gear, exhibited by the Raleigh Cycle Company, Limited, of Nottingham, takes high place. The invention allows the use of any normal gear most suited to the rider, and affords a rise of 25 per cent. and a drop of 20 per cent. from the normal gear.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 30, 1897) of the Venerable Robert Atherton Rawstorne, M.A., Archdeacon of Blackburn, of Balderstone Grange, Lancashire, who died on Sept. 4, was proved on Nov. 17 by the Rev. Atherton Gwilym Rawstorne and Henry Feilden Rawstorne, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £140,182. Subject to his wife having the use and enjoyment of Balderstone Grange and the effects therein, the testator devises all his lands and premises to his son Atherton. He gives £100 each to his sisters Elizabeth Jane Rawstorne and Mary Rawstorne, and to his brother-in-law, the Rev. William Leyland Feilden; his shares and debentures in the National Telephone Company and an annuity of £100 to his wife, Mrs. Cecilia Rawstorne; and £50 each to his godsons Geoffrey Rawstorne and — Coe, son of the Rev. Gordon Coe, and to his goddaughter Joan Assheton. The residue of his property he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated May 23, 1899), with a codicil (dated March 3, 1900), of Mr. James Openshaw, of Brooklands, Bury, cotton-manufacturer, who died on Sept. 23, was proved on Nov. 3 by Mrs. Susannah Openshaw, the widow, James Newbold Openshaw, the son, and Samuel Woodcock junior, the son-in-law, the executors, the

value of the estate being £126,159. The testator gives the household furniture and effects and an annuity of £800 to his wife; £5000 to his son James Newbold; and the residue of his property in equal shares to his children.

The will (dated March 29, 1889), with seven codicils (dated March 29, 1889; Feb. 11 and Oct. 19, 1891; May 26, 1892; May 6 and June 21, 1898; and April 19, 1899), of Mrs. Mary Ann Walker, of 106, Westbourne Terrace, has been proved by Robert Loveland Fulford and John Spencer Longden, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £78,258. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the children of her brother, Sir James Longden; £4000, in trust, for Charlotte Bruce Hamblin; £6000, in trust, for Louisa Pyne; £300 each to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, the Watford Orphan Asylum, and the Middlesex Hospital; £5000 to Herbert Henry Stanley Pyne; £2000 to Sophia Elizabeth Longden; £1000 to Fanny Martin; £3000, in trust, for Anne Maria Richardson; £1000 to Marian Ada Longden; the Manor House property at Watford, or the proceeds of the sale thereof, in trust, for Dame Alice Longden for life and then for her children; and other legacies. After exercising the power of

appointment under the wills of her husband and brother-in-law, she leaves the residue of her property between her nieces Annie Louise Fulford and Helena Marian Moreing and Herbert Henry Stanley Pyne.

The will and codicil (dated respectively July 24, 1900, and June 4, 1901) of the Right Hon. John Gage Prendergast, fifth Viscount Gort, of East Cowes Castle and 1, Portman Square, who died at Homburg on Aug. 15, have been proved by his widow, the Right Hon. Eleanor, Viscountess Gort, George Fenwick, of the Croft, Hillmorton, Rugby, and his brother-in-law, Sir Charles William Frederick Craufurd, Bart., the executors, who are also appointed trustees of the will, the net personality being of the value of £75,922 4s. 4d. The testator appoints his wife guardian of his infant children, and bequeaths to her £2000, in addition to several specific legacies. He also charges his London property, other than that part of it given to his second son, with an annuity of £2000 in her favour, and devises East Cowes Castle and his other property in the Isle of Wight to her for life. The testator bequeaths the Colloony Vase and sword given by the City of Limerick to Charles, second Viscount Gort, in recognition of his gallant opposition to the French forces under

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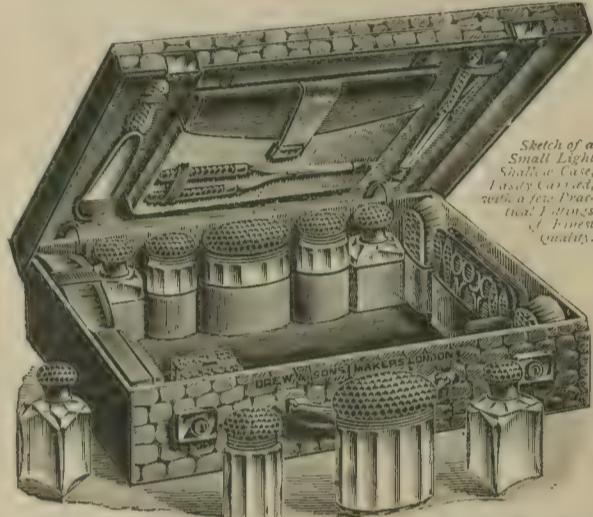
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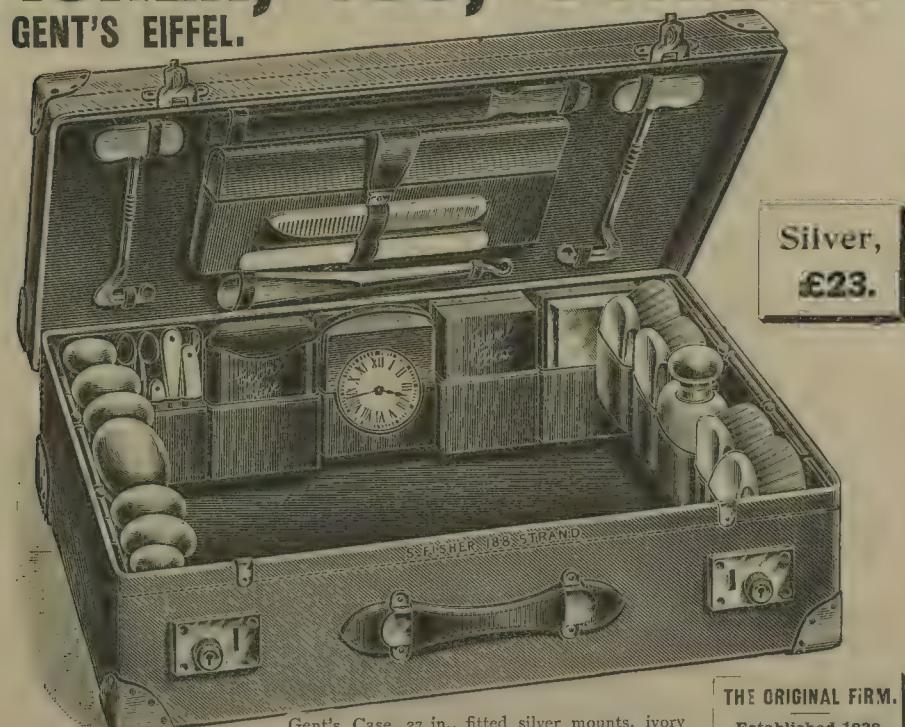
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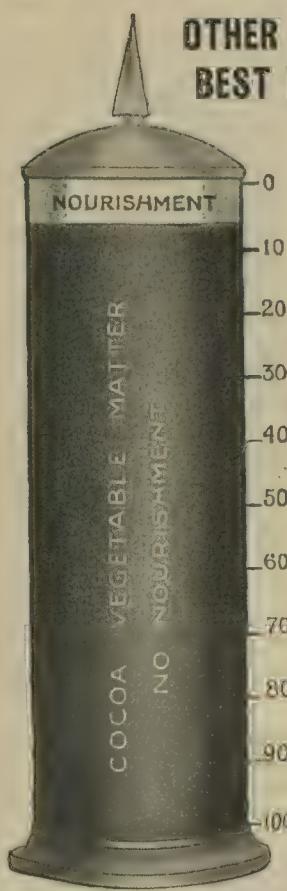
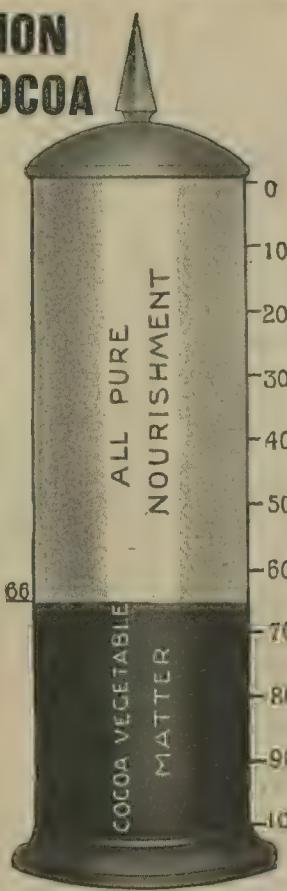
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Bishop Gore preached an eloquent sermon on behalf of the S.P.G. at St. Michael's, Coventry, on the third Sunday of November. He remarked that the great obstacle to the progress of mission work was the life of so many of our own countrymen, who, while professing the Christian faith, acted in startling contrast to their professions. He urged that Christians should bestir themselves in the effort to make the world Christian.

The Community of the Resurrection, which was founded by the Bishop of Worcester, and has its headquarters at Mirfield, are sending out two of their brethren to Johannesburg to establish a mission there. The Rev.

W. G. Batty, curate of Mirfield parish church, is also going out, under the auspices of the South African Railways Mission Society.

There was an immense congregation at St. Paul's Cathedral on the evening of the twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity, when the Rev. Lord William Cecil preached there. The Rector of Hatfield has now occupied the pulpit at St. Paul's on several occasions, and makes himself heard most successfully. He seems to delight as much in putting himself forward as the *enfant terrible* in the Church as does Lord Hugh Cecil in the House of Commons. He found fault with the High Church for having two fast days in the week, Friday and Sunday, and with the Low Church for having one, and blamed

the indifferentism of the present day on the gloomy tone of English Christianity.

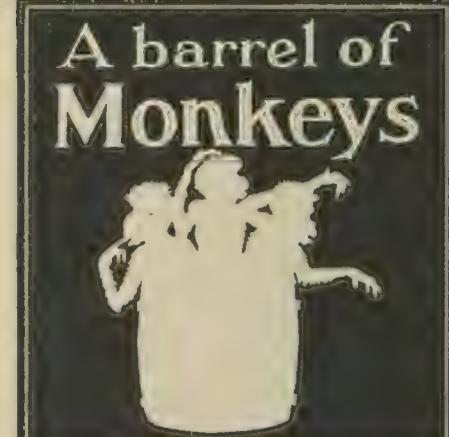
The Bishop of Guiana has now left England. A sum of nearly £14,000 has been raised for the endowment of the see, the total amount needed being £20,000.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells has been visiting the Bishop of Sheffield at the Vicarage, Doncaster. Bishop Kennion was for some years one of the curates of Doncaster parish church in the time of Dean Pigou.

A very beautiful stained window has been placed in the private chapel of Auckland Chapel as a memorial of Bishop Lightfoot. It contains portraits of the Bishop and of his predecessors in the see of Durham. V.

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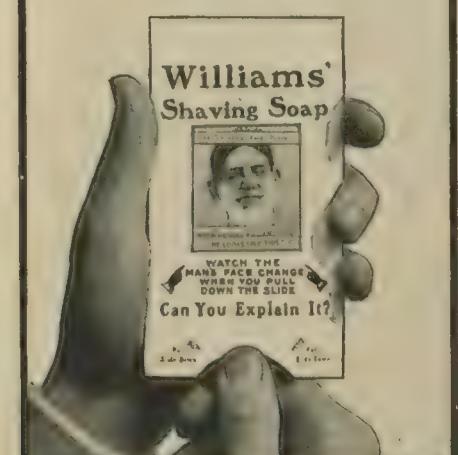
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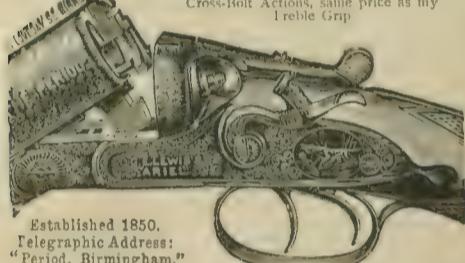


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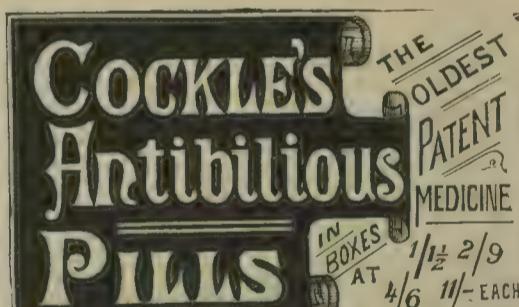
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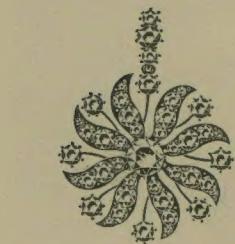
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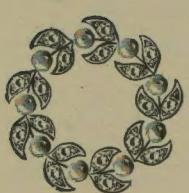
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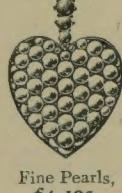
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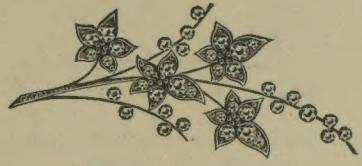
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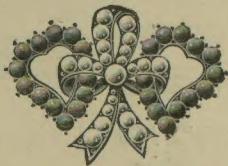
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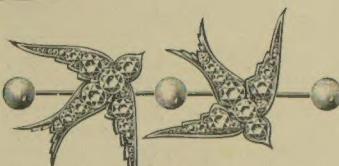
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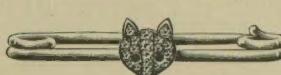
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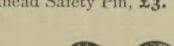
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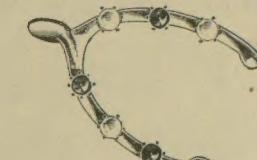
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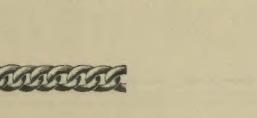
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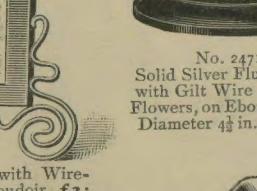
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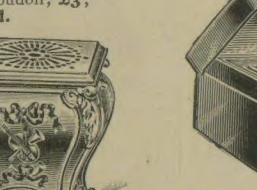
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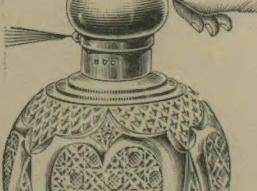
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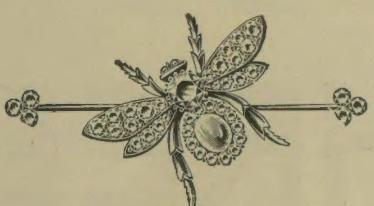


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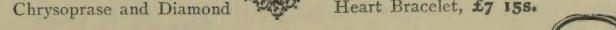
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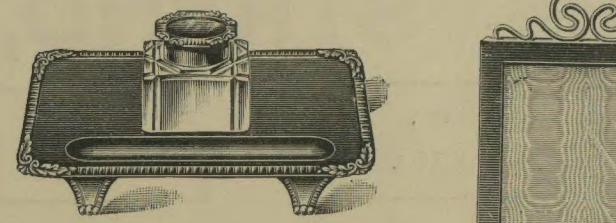
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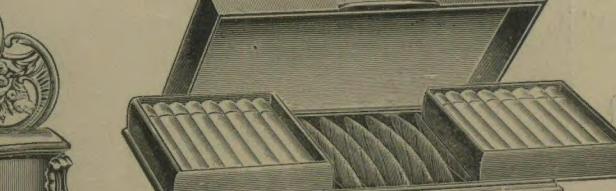
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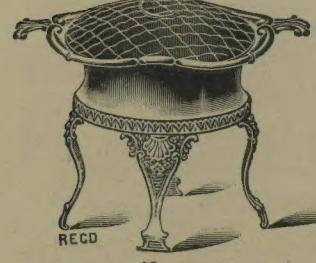
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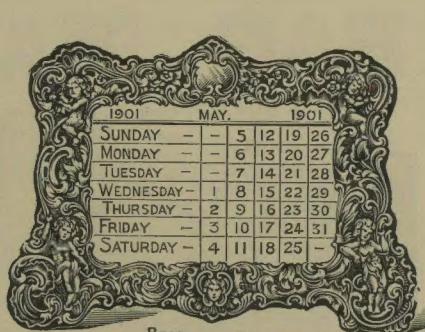
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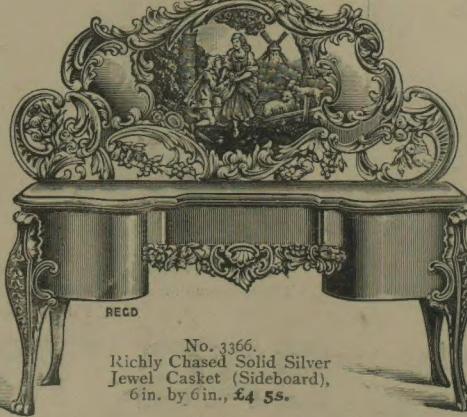
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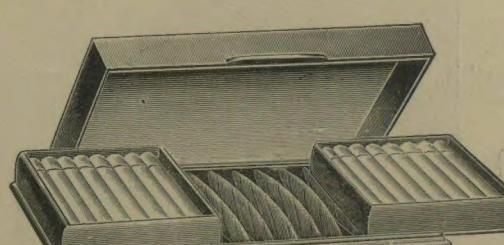
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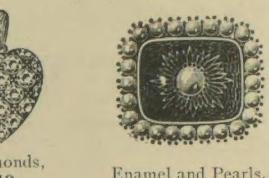
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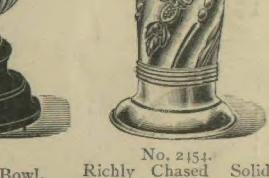
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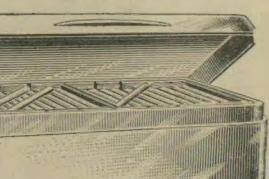
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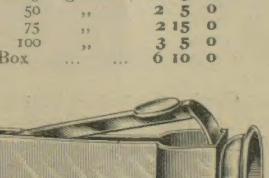
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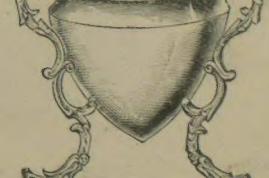
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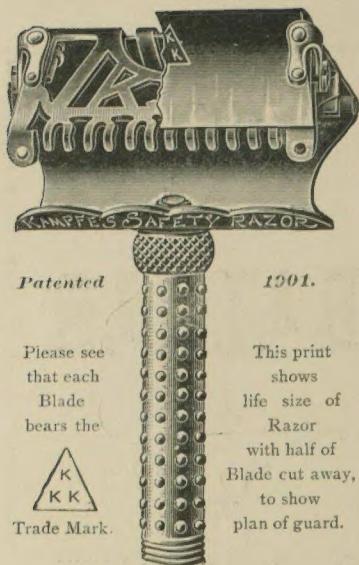
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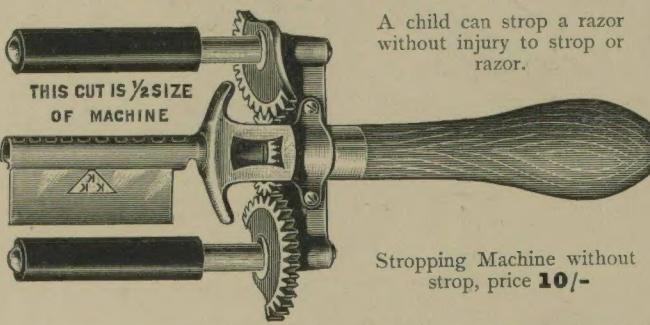
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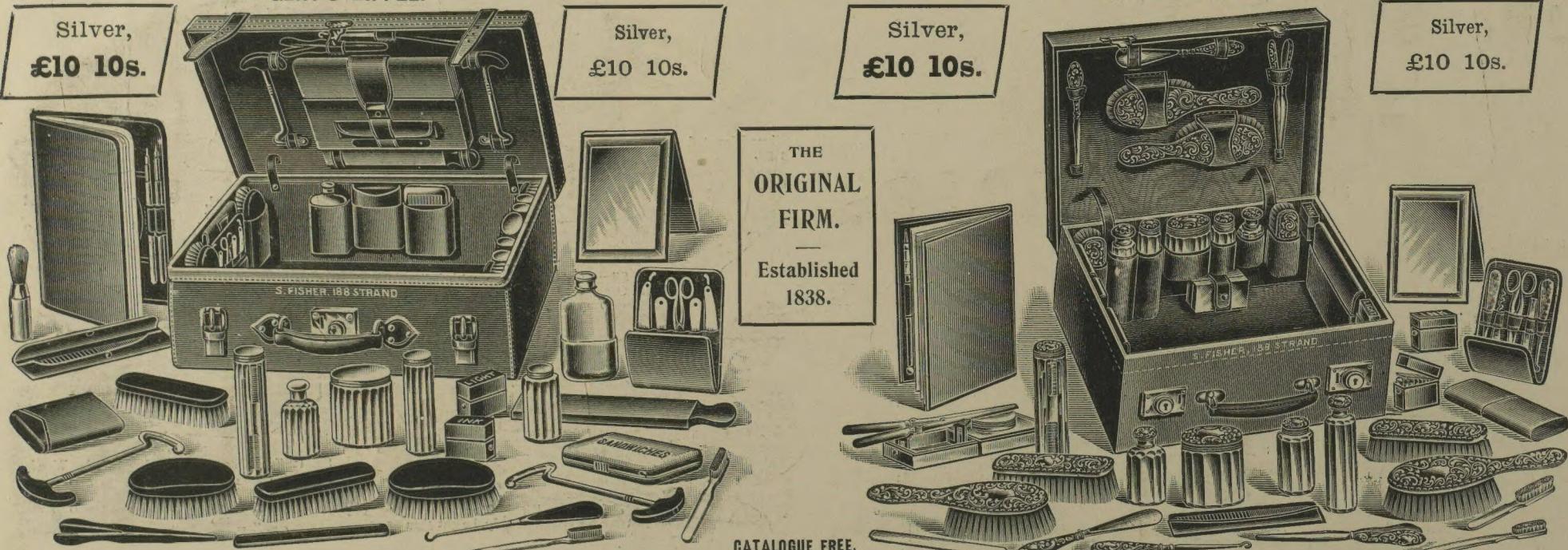
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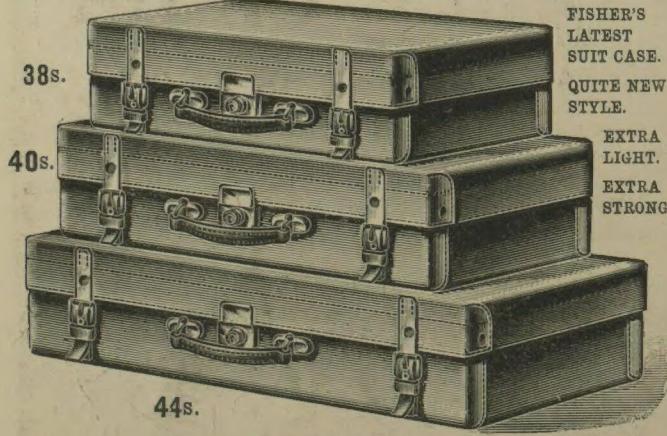
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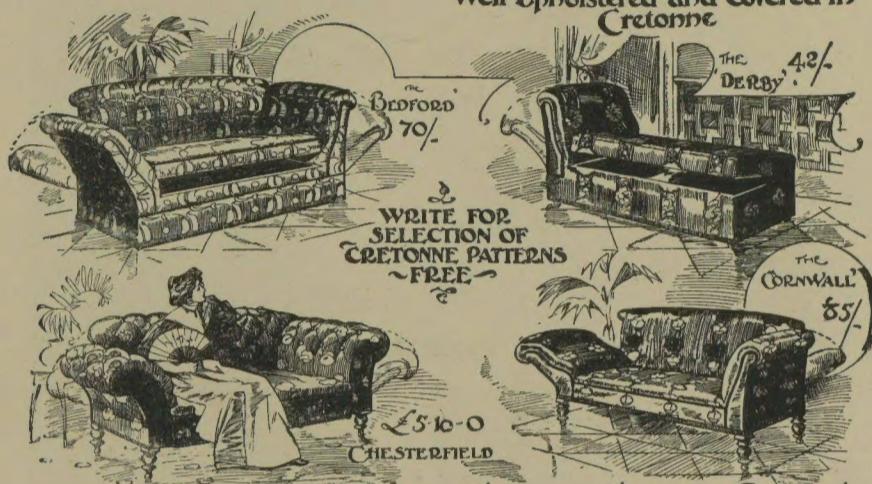


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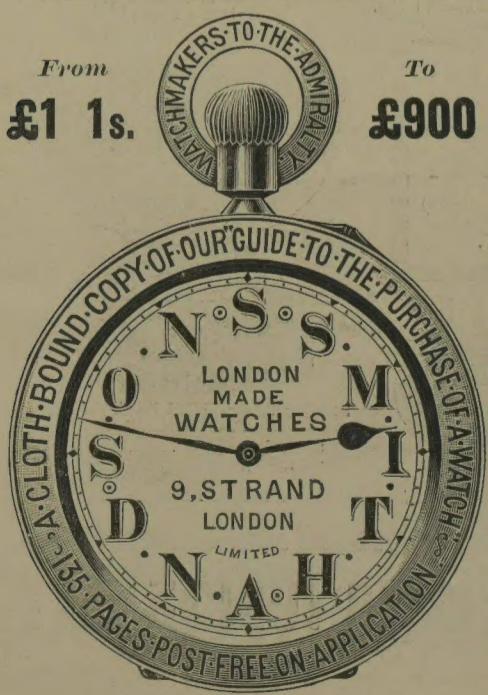
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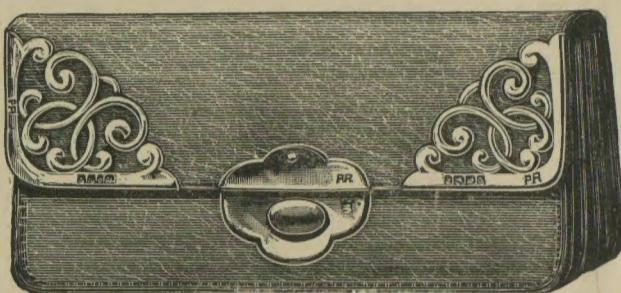
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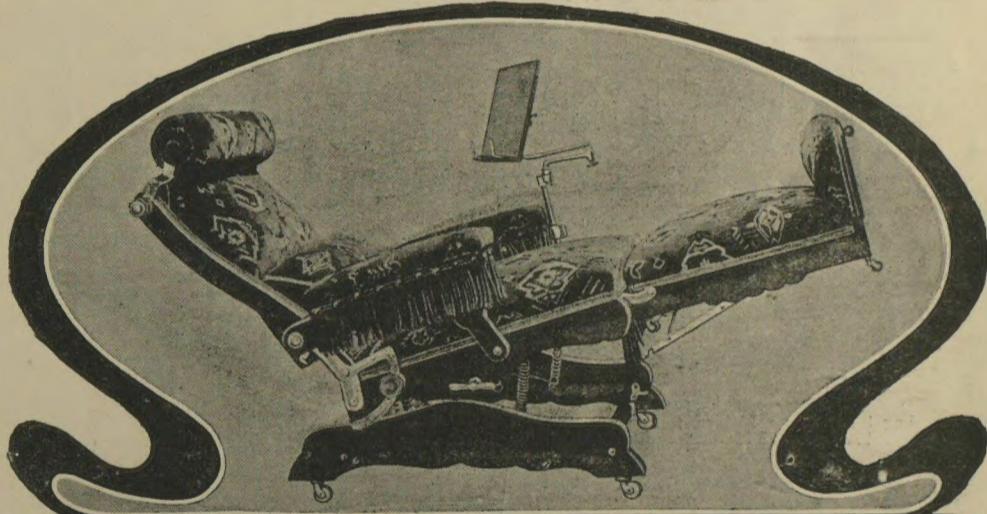


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